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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. WITHOUT CONCEALMENT...WITHOUT COMPROMISE. EDMUND QUINCY, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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Selections.

Mr. Beecher's Reply to the New York Observer.

The private differences of men, and especially of Christian men, can hardly be brought before the public for settlement without criminality in the parties, one or both.

This case is not an exception. There was no reason why the public should be excited and the cause of morals and religion subjected to scandal by a publication of the differences between Dr. Parker and Mrs. Stowe, and Dr. Parker and myself. The disclosure was not with our privity or consent. Whether Dr. Parker had a justifying reason for his course, it will be among the objects of this history to show.

But now that it *is* public, a grave interest attaches to it. The public have a stake in the morality of literary rules and habits; a yet more precious stake in the purity and integrity of those men to whom, in generous confidence, they commit the sacred interests of religious teaching; and a stake also in the principles which shall regulate the management of newspapers, and especially religious papers, each one of which silently preaches to a larger and more confiding audience, every week, than any hundred clergymen together. This controversy interests the public, now, because it has been brought before them by a violation of every principle which should regulate the private conduct of honourable men and of ministers and editors, such as seldom occurs; and because it involves, in its subject matter, literary morality, ministerial integrity, and editorial honesty.

1. It would seem to have been proper that Dr. Parker, if he had any grievances to bring to the public ear, should have stood forth himself, and taken the responsibility of saying whatever was said at all. He is a literary man, used both to public speech and literary composition, and could have found no difficulty in making himself understood. I am not pleased that he should load the gun and then stand back while the *New York Observer* fires it.

But if he chose to bring his case before the public by a second person, he ought to have accredited that person, and let us know distinctly whether Dr. Parker is responsible for the *Observer's* history. Is it right that the *Observer* should strike at my very life with statements which have all of Dr. Parker's authority, without holding him to any responsibility? It does not look manly, nor honest. If Dr. Parker wishes Mrs Stowe to be arraigned for misconduct, he is the man that should arraign her; if he thinks that I have acted criminally and dishonestly toward him, he should have the courage to say so; or, lacking that, should hold his peace.

And it is yet more reprehensible that when, for whatever reason, he chose to appear by a second party, he should have selected a paper most inimical to me, to the journal with which I am associated, and to all the public questions with which I am identified. Dr. Parker not only avoids the responsibility of making his own charges, but he procures it to be done by a party who was unfitted to do it by the very fact that he was willing to employ this new material to help himself out of an old controversy.

2. The *New York Observer* has confused the simple points at issue, by overlaying them with irrelevant matter; by twining together private grievances of its own with Dr. Parker's affairs, and mingling the whole into the seething caldron of the party questions which have, for two years, exasperated the public mind. It has mingled this affair with its avowed ill will to the *Tribune*. It has mingled it with its rivalries with *The Independent*. It has mingled it with a private grudge at Mrs. Stowe for a reply to the *Observer's* gross personal attack upon the character and private morals of Gov. Kossuth. It has used Dr. Parker's difficulties as a means of giving a *coup de grace* to a controversy in which it is at this time employed with me in regard to subjects as unrelated to this as are the two poles to each other—a controversy which one might almost suspect had been provoked for the very purpose of affording a suitable excuse for striking a deadly blow, for which it would seem to have been lying in wait for two months; for, from its article of Sept. 30, it appears that it has been in possession of the facts which it uses for that length of time.

That nothing may be wanting, it seeks to dispossess the public ear of fairness, by appealing to its prejudices on the subjects on which much exasperation of party feeling exists, representing to conservative men that this history is a specimen of the "morality of modern ultraism," and to those who dread Anti-Slavery views, that it is the fruit of Abolitionism.

The reason given for so strange a conglomeration is quite as remarkable as the fact itself, viz. economy of space and the *amusement* of its readers! Here is the *Observer's* statement:

> "As Mrs. Stowe, Mr. Beecher, the *Tribune* and *The Independent*, are partners in these attacks on the editors of this paper, *we have disposed of them all at once for the double purpose of economizing space and affording greater entertainment to the reader.*"

The Italics are ours.

I am sure that the *Observer* will stand alone in the enjoyment of such an *entertainment!* Its statements, if believed, would utterly destroy Mrs. Stowe's character for honesty and honour; they would degrade me almost to the level of a forger. A Christian minister, editing a Christian paper, proposes this as a banquet for its Christian readers!

But for myself I profess that no event of my life, not the loss of my own children, nor bereavements of friends most dear, nor sickness, nor all of them, have ever filled me with so deep a sorrow as that which I have in being made a party to a public dispute, where three of the persons concerned are ministers of the Gospel, and where the fourth is a woman, and the wife of a clergyman. At the very best, it is a shame and disgrace. To avert it, I laboured most honestly and with all my might. And now, nothing but the alternative of personal disgrace, and the yet greater shame to the cause of Christ, should I be proved as bad a man as the *Observer* has depicted me, induces me to enter this arena. Yet there is a reason even stronger than all these: God has put into my hands the defence of the honour of a sister, next born to me, and dearer than I am to my own self, and whom the *Observer* has treated so contemptuously as no man could treat a woman—unless his passions had, for a moment, led him to forget God's greatest gift, besides Himself, to man—a mother: and the next, the true and right noble hearts of wife and sister!

Admitting the probable plea, even in its most distorted form, that Mrs. Stowe, last summer, indignantly repelled the *Observer's* attack upon Gov. Kossuth, and thus provoked the *Observer*, that will furnish no apology in the opinion of any, except of such as would strike a woman because she had struck them.

1. *The matter in dispute.* Mrs. Stowe, in the 1st Vol. of Uncle Tom's Cabin, p. 191, attributes to Dr. Parker certain words and sentiments, which, for many years, had been publicly reported as his. I put in parallel columns the language quoted by Mrs. Stowe and the language really used by Dr. Parker.

Uncle Tom's Cabin.	*Dr. Parker.*
Slavery has "no evils but such as are inseparable from any other relation in social and domestic life."	"What then are the evils inseparable from Slavery? There is not one that is not equally inseparable from depraved human nature in other lawful relations."

The paragraphs, as they stand, mean substantially the same thing. But in the argument which Dr. Parker was urging, he undertook to show that Slavery *per se* was not sinful; that you could separate from it all its various abuses, such as separation of families, ignorance, cruelty, &c.; that these were but abuses, and no part necessarily of Slavery; and that when you had separated from it every sinful thing susceptible of separation and had got down to the thing as an abstraction, *then* the evils which were no longer separable would be found to be no worse than such as belong to other lawful human relations. It is not my business to comment upon the wisdom of such reasoning, but only to explain it, that it may be seen how the mistake arose.

2. *Dr. Parker's and Mrs. Stowe's correspondence.* On the 8th of last May (1852), Dr. Parker addressed a letter to Prof. Stowe, of Brunswick, Maine, and one to Mrs. Stowe, as follows:

Dr. Parker's First Letter to Prof. Stowe.

(Copy.)

NEW YORK, May 8, 1852.

REV. CALVIN E. STOWE, D.D.—*Dear Sir:* It is with extreme regret that I have yielded to the necessity of addressing to Mrs Stowe the communication transmitted under cover of this note to yourself.

I have long regarded you as being at least so far my friend, that you could not be suspected of cherishing anything like personal hostility to me.

Hence I was filled alike with sorrow and surprise to find my Christian character and professional reputation assailed so injuriously from a source which your counsels might fairly be supposed to govern.

My friends concur with me in the belief that a proper self-respect does not allow me to make a less serious matter of it, or to demand a less reparation.

I remain faithfully and truly yours,

(Signed) JOEL PARKER.

New York, No. 2 Leroy Place.

(Copy.)

NEW YORK, May 8, 1852.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE—*Madam:* My attention has been called to an allusion you was pleased to make to myself *by name* in your widely-extended book, entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin," &c.

I am sorry to say that I feel myself compelled to take some notice of what you have judged proper to send forth to the public as *my words* and *my sentiments* regarding the institution of Slavery.

It is to me a matter of profound regret that, before you made this assault upon my Christian and ministerial character, you had not conferred with me, or sought information from some reliable source, so that I might have been spared an aspersion so wide spread and so injurious to my professional reputation and usefulness.

Under these circumstances, I feel myself compelled to demand a full and public retraction of the calumny referred to. Respectfully your friend,

(Signed) JOEL PARKER.

Prof. Stowe immediately replied. But Mrs. Stowe, suffering from intense literary application during the winter, was touching at Boston, Hartford and New Haven, on her way to Brooklyn, N. Y.; at which place she remained during most of the time covered by this correspondence; and at this place, Dr. Parker's letter reached her, to which letter (it having been acknowledged through her husband) she prepared to reply by making inquiries into the alleged facts. On the 19th of May, eleven days from the date of his first, Dr. Parker addressed Mrs. Stowe again.

Dr. Parker's Second Letter to Mrs. Stowe.

(Copy.)

NEW YORK, No. 2 Leroy Place,
May 19, 1852.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE—*Madam:* On the 8th inst. I addressed to you a communication under cover of a letter to your husband. In that communication I complained that you had made a calumnious assault upon my Christian and ministerial character, and demanded a full and public retraction of the calumny referred to. A letter from your husband has led me to understand that my note to you was received several days ago.

It is to me a matter of deep regret that you seem to persist in the wrong inflicted on me, by taking no notice of my communications. In your work entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin," &c., after painting a scene of shocking humanity, you hold me up to the public in an odious light, by representing me as uttering sentiments that seem to justify or at least to palliate the cruelties which you have described. On pages 190 and 191 of the first volume of your book, you have published the following paragraph:

> "Tom had watched the whole transaction from first to last, and had a perfect understanding of its results. To him it looked liked something unutterably horrible and cruel, because, poor ignorant black soul! he had not learned to generalize and to take enlarged views. If he had only been instructed by certain ministers of Christianity, he might have thought better of it and seen it in an every-day incident of a lawful trade, a trade which is the vital support of an institution which an American Divine* tells us has '*no evils but such as are inseparable from any other relations in social and domestic life.*' But Tom, as we see, being a poor ignorant fellow whose reading had been confined entirely to the New Testament, could not comfort and solace himself with views like these. His very soul bled within him for what seemed to him the wrongs of the poor suffering thing that lay like a crushed reed on the boxes."

* Dr. Joel Parker, of Philadelphia.

The American divine referred to in this paragraph, you inform the public by a marginal note, is "Dr. Joel Parker, of Philadelphia." You do not say that I am supposed to hold substantially such sentiments, or that it may be inferred from *something* said by me, that Tom would have been able to comfort and solace himself with views like these if he had been less conversant with the New Testament and more familiar with my teachings. You profess to give my words. You inform the public, gravely and circumstantially, that I have said of the institution of Slavery, that it has "*no evils but such as are inseparable from any other relations in social and domestic life.*"

Your meaning is clear. You intend to fix on me the stigma of having uttered this language. You pledge your veracity that I have employed these words. You intimate plainly that an American divine, whom you carefully designate by my name, title and residence, *has used this form of speech.* You put it in quotation marks as mine. Your statement has been spread through the country with all the influence which your name as a writer and the popularity of your book can give it.

You have made this assault upon a minister of the Gospel, upon one whose professional reputation, like the reputation of your sex for chastity, is blasted by mere suspicion. You have done this, too, without the least provocation, public or private. Up to the time of the publication of your book, I had been the warm friend of your father and his family, of your husband and of yourself. I had often commended you to others, as my friends will bear witness. No disparaging word had ever escaped my lips in respect to you as a lady, as a gifted writer, as a Christian. I have given no public provocation for such an assault. I have never used such words. I have never maintained such views. Why I am singled out and held up to scorn, I do not understand. What your motives may be, I will not attempt to say. But I do say, with indignant remonstrance against the injustice of this libel, that your language is untrue and slanderous, and I again demand a full and public retraction. If such retraction is not made in a prompt and satisfactory manner, I shall feel obliged to take the best means that I can to throw off from myself the odium which you have sought to heap upon me. With due respect,

(Signed) JOEL PARKER.

With these letters before her, Mrs. Stowe, on the 22d of May, two days from the receipt of Dr. P.'s second, and about ten days from the receipt of his first, addressed to Dr. Parker the following letter. Besides the reasons for delay which she gives, there was another, viz.: from something said in her husband's letter to her, she expected a visit from Dr. Parker, and was for several days momently hoping to see him.

Mrs. Stowe's First Letter to Dr. Parker.

(Copy.)

REV. JOEL PARKER—*Dear Sir:* Your letter, *via* Brunswick, reached me in this city about a week since, and only feeble health and the multiplied engagements of anniversary week have delayed my reply to this time.

Give me leave to assure you that you have entirely misapprehended the purpose and spirit with which I quoted the remark attributed to you, with your name. It had nothing to do with personal feeling one way or the other. I simply quoted you as a well-known leading man, whom I supposed to be an acknowledged supporter of the pro-slavery side of the question; and I quoted you in preference to any of the other clergymen on that side of the question, simply because the remark attributed to you was more neatly and pointedly expressed, and more summarily included the whole subject, than any remarks of others to the same general purport.

In the chapter in which your remark occurs, I considered myself as the advocate of the poor and uneducated against the educated and the powerful. I have ever considered the American Internal Slave Trade as the vital support of the system—that, without which, it would immediately be worthless in a pecuniary point of view, and of course cease to exist; and therefore I confronted the sentiment with the dramatic reality of the slave trade.

My reason for considering you on the pro-slavery side of the question will be better appreciated by you by showing the manner in which I was led to that opinion.

It is considerably more than a year ago that I saw the sentence in question quoted in one of the leading papers of the day with your name. I said immediately that I did not believe you had said it, and that I knew you would contradict it. I searched the papers week after week, with the eye of a friend, for that denial. I only found the thing reaffirmed in paper after paper, both religious and secular. It was embraced in a schedule of the sayings and sentiments of American ministers in regard to Slavery, which was read at a public meeting in the World's Fair, and which formed a basis of some considerable discussion and action on the propriety of admitting American preachers without examination into English pulpits. These papers in which all this was recorded were the leading religious prints—prints which I could not suppose you were not familiar with; and I could not suppose that you would allow any sentiment to go the rounds of them, printed in capitals with your name in full, unless it were a statement to which you were fully committed, and which you were determined to abide by and sustain. I therefore, with great regret, set you down in my mind as a leader on that side of the question, and quoted you as such—and I think that I had reason to do so.

If you thought the imputation of this sentiment a "stain" on your character, an injury to your Christian and ministerial reputation, why have you never before contradicted it? Why have you allowed it quoted and requoted from paper to paper, proclaimed in a public meeting at the World's Fair, and returned in capitals to this country, and not come out with the most earnest denial of which you were capable?

Yet your note was the first *shadow* of any reason I have ever had for thinking that this opinion was *not* yours, and that you were not willing to be considered on that side of the question.

Under this attitude, you must perceive that it is not in *my* power to set you right before a Christian public, who probably have formed their opinion from the same sources from which I formed mine. The quotation of it in the book is only one indication of that very general belief which attributes to you such sentiments. And it is to the Christian public generally, as I apprehend, that *your* denial of such sentiments and expressions should be addressed; and to them you should explain why you have allowed yourself to be so publicly and frequently and notoriously ranged on that side of the question, and why you have taken no notice of what you say you consider as a "libel" when it has been so very publicly and for such a long time proclaimed in the ordinary channels of intelligence.

I need not say that a satisfactory explanation of this matter would give me pleasure. It is no pleasure to me to have it proved that any minister of the Saviour could have said such a thing, and I shall be sincerely glad to see you exonerated, before the public, of any such imputation. When you shall have satisfactorily explained the subject, I will with pleasure do anything that may lie in my power to obviate the misconceptions that have arisen from your long silence.

Truly yours,

(Signed) H. B. STOWE.

The history of this somewhat famous sentence is nearly this: In the year 1846, a controversy of sixteen weeks duration was held in the (Philadelphia) *Christian Examiner*, between Dr. Parker employing the signature, "*O. R. Meridionis*," and Rev. A. Rood. The sentence which we have already extracted occurred in that controversy. How it was changed into the popular and current form, I do not know. It has been told to me that it was published at that time in the various Anti-Slavery journals. By some means it appeared in England. When, in view of it and other not greatly dissimilar opinions of American clergymen, the semi-annual Congregational Union of Gloucestershire and Bristol, England, April, 1851, adopted a resolution that bore severely upon American clergymen who were expected in London at the World's Fair, and the May Anniversaries, the wisdom of their action was questioned on the ground that no such atrocious sentiments could be held by American clergymen as was alleged. In reply to this, the *Bristol Mercury*, one of the oldest and the most widely circulated journals in the West of England, published opinions of Dr. Spring, Dr. Taylor, Bishop Hopkins, Dr. Dewey, Dr. Rogers, of Boston, Prof. Stuart, and this sentence ascribed to Dr. Parker. It has been said to me that the same was published in the *British Banner*, and the London *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, but I have not been able to verify the fact.

In this form the paragraph came back to America in the letter of *Agricola*, the English correspondent of *The Independent*, and was published in connection with the opinions of the above-mentioned gentlemen, in *The Independent* for May 15, 1851.

It was inserted in the annual report of the Anti-Slavery Society, which, like the report of the Colonisation Society, is made up of facts and documents which are supposed to have a permanent and historical importance. A copy of this report was sent to Dr. Parker, and he saw the passage, and gave to me, during our only interview, as reason for not noticing it, that he did not think, when standing in connection with such names, that it could produce an unfavourable impression on the public mind; but that it was very different when he alone was singled out by Mrs Stowe.

At this point commences Mrs. Stowe's connection with the matter. She inserted the paragraph in the text of Uncle Tom's Cabin (which was first issued in weekly chapters), in the *National Era*, for August 28, 1851, with Dr. Parker's name, in a note, in all respects precisely as it stood afterwards in her book. The *Era* had a circulation at this time of about 17,000, and in every State of the Union.

Thus it stood without a word from Dr. Parker for eight months, until the 20th of March, 1852, when her story was published in book form at Boston. From the 20th of March until the 8th of May, seven weeks, not a word was heard. Both Mrs. Stowe and her friends had had scruples as to whether it was *best* thus to name an individual, as a matter of public expediency; but none as to the mere correctness of the paragraph. And Mrs. Stowe had supposed that she had given orders to remove the *name* of Dr. Parker, when the book was going through Jewett's press.

The above letter of Mrs. Stowe's was sent by the hand of J. T. Howard, Esq., to the post-office in New York, on the 22d of May. It appears that Dr. Parker did not receive it until the 29th. I have never known the cause of its detention. Not receiving this letter, Dr. Parker, on the 25th of May, addressed Mrs. Stowe again.

Dr. Parker's Third Letter to Mrs. Stowe.

(Copy)

NEW YORK, 2 Leroy Place,
May 25th, 1852.

MRS. H. B. STOWE—*Madam:* I have addressed you two communications respecting your holding me up to public odium. In each I have demanded an open and full retraction. You have not proposed any reparation of the wrong, nor even deigned a reply. My letters were under date of the 8th and the 19th instants. Sufficient time has elapsed. The calumny is still spreading. I am not bound in justice to wait longer.

Yet it is my desire to exercise a spirit of Christian forbearance. I sincerely deprecate the necessity of placing you in an embarrassing position. I beg of you, do not compel me to do so. I have no resentments to gratify. I do not wish, because you have injured me, to injure you. On the contrary it will afford me great pleasure to be spared the necessity of a public conflict with a lady, a professed Christian, and the wife of a clergyman.

Though you can never repair the wrong you have done, you can make such amends as will, if made now, satisfy me. Should you find yourself in difficulty hereafter, therefore, be pleased to remember that it is not of my seeking. I greatly prefer that you should not compel me to appear before the public in a conflict with you respecting a matter which you can so easily bring to an amicable adjustment, and that too without doing anything which one who has inflicted a wrong ought not to regard as a pleasure to perform.

Respectfully,

(Signed) JOEL PARKER.

In the mean time, Mrs. Stowe was making every practicable inquiry to ascertain the origin of this paragraph, and the correctness or incorrectness of Dr. Parker's assertion in respect to it. She was assured, personally and by letter, by clergymen of the highest respectability, themselves personally cognizant of the matter, that she had not done injustice to Dr. Parker. Friends in Philadelphia were written to; the copies of the *Christian Observer*, containing the original articles of Dr. Parker, were solicited. I visited Dr. Hatfield, of New York, myself, who was of impression that Mrs. Stowe was correct; and as he was on the eve of leaving for the N. S. Presbyterian General Assembly at Washington, I procured his promise to see Mr. Converse, editor of the *Christian Observer*, and to investigate the facts. Through a friend Mrs. Stowe sent to the gentleman who was Dr. Parker's respondent, in the controversy in which the language was said to have been employed, and received from him the following brief note, which he afterwards confirmed by a more elaborate letter:

DEAR BROTHER: I received your note and called to see you. If Dr. P. denies the statement made by Mrs. Stowe, it will be strange. These are his *exact* words used by him in our controversy: 'What are the evils that are *inseparable* from Slavery? There is not one that is not equally *inseparable* from depraved human nature in other lawful relations.' It Mrs. Stowe uses the word *incidental* it is probable he founds his denial on that error. I can furnish you with the number of the [*Christian*] *Observer* if you desire it.

Truly yours, (Signed) A. ROOD.

Such being the state of facts upon the arrival of Dr. Parker's third letter, Mrs. Stowe regarded it as an affront—an attempt at intimidating her, not with a threat of pecuniary damages, but the *publicity* of a law-suit, which might be supposed to be one of the things which a sensitive woman would most dread. The very threat was a reason for firmness, and Mrs. Stowe addressed Dr. Parker a second letter on the same day that his was received.

Mrs. Stowe's Second Letter to Dr. Parker.

(Copy)

MAY 25.

REV. JOEL PARKER—*Dear Sir:* I mailed a reply to your note on Saturday. If it has not reached you, it probably is owing to my having mailed it for *New York* simply, and will perhaps be found by a more particular inquiry at the Post-Office.

In case you receive that you will be apprised of my views; and in case you do not, by addressing a note to ~~my brother, Henry Ward Beecher, a duplicate of it can~~ be forwarded to you. I am sorry for the delay.

In regard to the threats implied in your letter, give me leave to say that though for many reasons I should regret a public encounter on this subject, yet my conviction derived from facts, documents, and the testimony of living witnesses, is such that an issue would be far more unfortunate for you than for me. With the knowledge that I have *now*, it is entirely out of *my* power conscientiously to say that I *believe* you have *not* uttered the sentiments in question. I cannot help my convictions in view of evidence; and I could not, for my own brother, make any public statement contrary to those convictions. No personal feeling influences me. It is a matter of regret that I am obliged to think as I do. I would be very glad to think myself mistaken.

I repeat what I said in my letter, that the point lies not between you and me, but you and the public—you and men who hold in their hands the documents in which this sentiment is unequivocally asserted. When you can prove to the public and to me, that these *sentiments* are all mistaken, and account for your so long suffering this allegation to lie upon you unnoticed, I will, with the greatest pleasure, do anything you shall request to set you right before the public.

I leave town on Thursday, and any future communications must be addressed to my brother, H. W. Beecher, who is in full possession of the subject.

Yours truly,

(Signed) H. B. STOWE.

This letter seems to have brought on the crisis. Dr. Parker on that same evening solicited Benj. F. Butler, Esq., to act as counsel in bringing a suit for damages. Had Mr. Butler's most Christian intentions towards both parties prevailed, how much pain and public reproach would have been spared! I am both glad and sorry to think that the wish for peace was with the lawyer—and the wish for a suit, with the clergyman! Mr. Butler, from an examination of the facts, was satisfied that a private arrangement could be made. He solicited H. Barney, Esq., his former partner, and a personal friend of mine, to act as mediator. Mr. Barney on the 28th of May visited Mr. Butler's house, and heard *his* and Dr. Parker's statements, and saw the documents. He became satisfied that Dr. Parker's complaint was well founded, and that Mrs. Stowe laboured under a misapprehension. On the evening of the same day he visited me, and his own letter, below, is the best history of the interview. On that day I received from Philadelphia copies of Dr. Parker's original article; but had not yet examined it. Mr. Barney's statements had such an effect upon my mind that I immediately investigated the documents; and on the next day, by Mr. Butler's request, I visited him at his office and heard his exposition, which only served to confirm, what the reading of Dr. Parker's article had satisfied me was the fact, that he had been misunderstood, and so misrepresented.

The same causes produced the same effect upon Mrs. Stowe's mind, and without a moment's delay she addressed to Dr. Parker the following letter, which the *Observer* represents as extorted from her through the fear of pecuniary damages:

Mrs. Stowe's Third Letter to Dr. Parker.

(Copy.)

REV. JOEL PARKER—*Dear Sir:* I take pleasure in saying that a review of your argument in the *Christian Observer* has enabled me to see that your language in the case under consideration is susceptible of a different, and, indeed, entirely opposite construction from that which would strike the mind viewing it in a disconnected form. I think that I am now fully possessed of your real sentiments, understand, and could explain them.

I am now disposed to inquire what I can do to place your position in its true light before the world, and it appears to me exceedingly desirable that in deciding that *we two* should meet as Christians, in accordance with our Saviour's direction: "If thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone."

I would like to see *you* without lawyers or witnesses, and I think you will find that whatever my sense of duty may have led me to say, my *feelings* have always been kind, and that I am fully disposed to do all I can in consistence with truth and sincerity.

Truly yours,

(Signed) H. B. STOWE.

Our number is 126 Columbia street. Will you be kind enough to say where and what time you can meet me. I am disengaged any time between now and ten o'clock on Monday morning.

Had Mrs. Stowe known, when writing this letter, that all the influences tending to a Christian settlement of this difficulty had emanated from *lawyers*, instead of asking their exclusion, she might have begged their presence.

Of this letter, Dr. Parker says, in his letter dated July 31 (*N. Y. Observer*, Sept. 30), "after she (Mrs. Stowe) had learned that I had employed Mr. B. F. Butler as my counsel, she addressed a note to me in a milder tone, and this led to an interview." This is all the statement which Dr. Parker gives to the public! Now let this be compared with another statement of Dr. Parker's, in a letter to Prof. Stowe, dated June 5th, written within a few days of the transactions now under consideration; a letter which the reader will find entire further on. "My counsel in the meantime investigated the whole case, and expressed a decided opinion that the paragraph referred to in Mrs. Stowe's book was clearly libellous, but, in the hope that the matter might yet be amicably adjusted without the necessity of a legal issue, he, at his own instance, though with my consent, solicited a conference with his friend Mr. Barney, not as a lawyer, but as a Christian and as a friend of himself and also of Rev. H. W. Beecher. Mr. Barney's kind offices were secured. *In consequence, as I suppose, of his interposition, Mr. H. W. Beecher called on my counsel, and soon after Mrs. Stowe addressed to me a communication of a different and more hopeful tone*, a letter containing concessions carefully guarded indeed, but still concessions, with a request that I would call and see her." The italics are ours.

Dr. Parker has still further permitted the *Observer* (Sept. 23) to say of this result, speaking of the employment of counsel: "This was a new argument which the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin had not expected. She addressed a note in gentle terms," &c. Now the reader will see by glancing at the second letter of Dr. Parker, that Mrs. Stowe had been expecting just such an issue since the 19th of May, for the close of that letter contains the threat of a suit or of a public controversy, just as plainly as his letter of the 25th.

But to all this representation we append the following letter from Mr. Barney, who certainly must be regarded as a witness competent to testify to the influences which he employed in his errand from Dr. Parker to us.

Mr. Hiram Barney's Letter to H. W. Beecher.

(Copy).

BROOKLYN, Sept. 30, 1852.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER—*Dear Sir:* I cheerfully state the substance of my interview with you on the 26th of May last, in relation to the controversy between Dr. Parker and Mrs. Stowe.

My connection with the transaction in question was not professional. It was in the relation of a friend to you and to Mr. Butler that he requested my mediation between the parties. He desired to prevent a suit by obtaining from Mrs. Stowe a public and voluntary recognition and retraction of the error in her book. I went to Mr. Butler's house on the 26th of May, and there perused certain documents and listened to explanations and statements by him and by Dr. Parker, and was convinced, that Mrs. S. had not quoted the exact language of Dr. P., and that she had been still more unfortunate in representing the sentiment of what he did utter on the supposed occasion.

Mrs. Stowe was then at your house, and I called there the same evening. I announced to you alone the object of my visit. You remarked that Mrs. S. was in feeble health, and would lose the night's sleep if the subject should be introduced then to her; that I had better say what I wished to you, and that you would go over the subject with her the next morning. Accordingly I stated to you that Dr. Parker had employed my late partner to bring a suit upon the alleged libel; that Mr. Butler was desirous of avoiding, if possible, that necessity; that he supposed that the misrepresentation of which Dr. P. complained had not been intentionally made, or wilfully persisted in, on the part of Mrs. S., and believed that if she could know the facts of the case she would voluntarily accord to Dr. P. the proper satisfaction. I stated to you the relations in which I acted in calling on you, and my conviction that Dr. P. had been misrepresented in the language imputed to him in Mrs. Stowe's book. You replied in nearly the following language:

> "I do not see how there can be any mistake about the language and the sentiment. We have just received corroborative evidence of the correctness of the quotation, from clergymen who profess to know just what Dr. Parker said. Unless it can be made to appear that she has done him injustice, there is no earthly power or motive that could make her retract or budge an inch from her position. She will do voluntarily all that she can conscientiously do to relieve Dr. Parker from unjust odium; but she will never, while the world stands, whatever may come, discredit that quotation unless she can believe it to be incorrect. At the same time, I hope, for the sake of Brother Parker, and for the sake of humanity and religion, that the quotation is untrue; and so does my sister—and she and I will gladly receive, and hopefully examine, any evidence on that side. Our feelings are of the most friendly kind toward Dr. Parker, and he himself cannot be more anxious than my sister and I are, that justice should be done him. There is no one so much interested to repair an injury as he that does it. I regard this talk about a suit as a mere matter of intimidation. I do not believe that he would dare bring a suit, and if he should bring one, he could never recover more than sixpence damages, if he could maintain it at all. If Harriet has made a mistake in this matter, no one will regret it as much as she, and no one need present any motives to her, to do all that the case admits of to repair it. She will insist upon making the reparation. I will look into the matter, and hope that the Doctor will show himself to be right, and my sister wrong."

I saw Mr. Butler the next day, and assured him that you were right-minded, and that unless it should appear that Dr. P. had used the language imputed to him on some occasion other than in the correspondence in the Philadelphia *Christian Observer* (which at that time I had seen, but you had not), there would be no difficulty in convincing you and Mrs. Stowe, that her quotation was erroneous and unjust; in which case Mrs. Stowe would not hesitate to do what she rightfully could, to repair any injury done to Dr. Parker. I do not think that the probability of a suit had any influence upon your mind or your sister's except to make you more cautious in weighing the evidence which Dr. P. should produce to show that he had been misrepresented, and more determined than ever to stand by the quotation if you should not find such evidence satisfactory. Yours, very respectfully,

(Signed) HIRAM BARNEY.

The result of this letter was, at first, a letter from Dr. Parker refusing an interview; but after the letter was gone to the post-office, Dr. Parker changed his mind and sought to take it from the office, but was unable to get it. But the letter was delayed and did not come to hand until after his interview with Mrs. Stowe; it was followed afterward by an explanation from him of the circumstances and the mistake in sending it.

Meanwhile a long interview took place between Mrs. Stowe and Dr. Parker at my house; and soon a second, I believe, and everything seemed to promise a peaceful adjustment. The only difficulty, as I understood at the time, for I was not present myself at their interview, arose in respect to the substance of Mrs. Stowe's card. Several were written, discussed and laid aside, from difficulties which Mrs. Stowe explains in her letter next to be published.

Those difficulties may be glanced at here. It has been seen that, at first, she believed Dr. Parker to have used language which conveyed substantially the sentiment quoted in her text. When satisfied that the language of the controversy of Dr. Parker and Rev. Mr. Rood did not justify such a statement, she was ready to make an unhesitating and general retraction until she was cautioned not to do so, but to confine her retraction to that controversy, "since," it was said, "you have no evidence which justifies you in saying that Dr. Parker *never* uttered such a sentiment." For at that time, the belief was almost universal, that Dr. Parker *had* used such language. And when it began to appear that Dr. Parker was misrepresented in this controversy it was not easy to root up impressions that had grown for five years unchecked; and those conversant with the facts, at the time, believe still that the form of words used in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* could be traced back to Dr. Parker. That this is a mistake, I have no doubt, but it serves to show one of the perplexities then to be encountered. Labouring under this feeling she offered to word her card thus: "I am authorized by Dr. Parker to state," &c., and again, "I take pleasure in stating, upon the authority of Dr. Parker, that he has been misrepresented, and has never used language," &c. But Dr. Parker was disinclined to such forms, and wished her to say that "*she* was satisfied that he had never used such language, &c." But while Mrs. Stowe hesitated as to the extent of her admissions, she had not for a moment a hesitancy as to a public reparation. She gave orders to her publisher for the erasure of Dr. Parker's name; and, her health suffering under this acuminated excitement, she left for New Haven, promising as soon as she could become tranquil in the quietude of a friend's home to draw up and send me her card as she would finally publish it. This she did, and on the fifth of June I received it.

I must plead guilty to a delay of a few days in presenting her card to Dr. Parker. Aside from the care of a pastoral charge like mine, I was on the eve of a visit to the West, and in the various preparations I let my sister's letter slip my memory until the tenth of June. During this delay, Dr. Parker not unnaturally became impatient, and addressed the following letter to Prof. Stowe.

Dr. Parker to Prof. Stowe.

(Copy.)

NEW YORK, June 5, 1852.

REV. C. E. STOWE, D. D.—*Dear Sir:* Yours of the 29th of May came to hand on Monday last. I then hoped that Mrs. Stowe would do me justice, and no further correspondence would be necessary.

I am disappointed.

In reply to yours, I will proceed to give you a succinct history of the whole matter down to the present date. After my first letter to Mrs. Stowe, under date of 8th of May, I waited till the 19th for a reply, and received none. I then addressed to her a second communication, going more into details in respect to the wrong inflicted on me. I waited until the 24th. No answer. I then addressed to her a third letter, begging her not to compel me to a course which would bring us into conflict before the public. On the evening of the 25th, not having heard from Mrs. Stowe, I applied, by the advice of my friends, to Mr. Benj. F. Butler, to act as my counsel. I received, the next day, a response from Mrs Stowe, intimating that she had mailed a reply to my second letter, on the Saturday previous, which was the 22d. In this letter of Mrs. Stowe (I mean the answer to my third), she, in effect, reaffirmed the libel, and asserted that it was her conviction, derived from *facts and documents, and living witnesses*, that an issue before the public would be far more unfortunate for me than for herself.

My counsel, in the meantime, investigated the whole case and expressed a decided opinion that the paragraph referred to in Mrs. Stowe's book was clearly libelous; but, in the hope that the matter might yet be amicably adjusted without the necessity of a legal issue, he, at his own instance, though with my consent, solicited a conference with his friend, Mr. Barney, not as a lawyer, but as a Christian, and as a friend of himself and also of the Rev. H. W. Beecher. Mr. Barney's kind offices were secured. In consequence, as I suppose, of his interposition, Mr. H. W. Beecher called on my counsel, and soon after, Mrs. Stowe addressed to me a communication of a different and more hopeful tone—a letter containing concessions, carefully guarded indeed, but still concessions, with a request that I would call and see her. I received this on the 29th of May, and on the same day, I received, through the mail, the letter referred to, as having been mailed on the 22d. In reply to Mrs. Stowe's request for an interview, I at first addressed to her a note declining the interview and ordered it sent by mail. Subsequently, and on the same day, I changed my purpose, as thinking it more kind to grant her request for a personal interview, and ordered the letter stopped: but the letter, I am sorry to say, was afterwards sent by mistake, which I did not learn until the evening after our interview.

On the following Monday, I called on Mrs. Stowe. She proposed, herself, and drew up a card, conceding that injustice had been done me, and offered to publish it. But she insisted on adding to the concessions other matter relating to what she considered my position in respect to the subject of Slavery. To this I demurred, and drew a brief statement that would be satisfactory to me, allowing her, of course, to say anything she chose in justification of her motives. She did not object to my statement, yet was unwilling to make that statement alone, but insisted on connecting with it a representation of what she deemed my actual position in relation to Slavery, thus drawing off attention from the aspect of a simple retraction of the wrong. This I could not accept as satisfactory. She withdrew her card, but promised to write me from New Haven. I have received nothing. The letter that Dr. Beecher thought would be satisfactory, I presume was not sent me. You are mistaken about the testimony which you fancy may be found to substantiate Mrs. Stowe's allegation. An attempt to prove it will only aggravate the libel. What I require is, that without any side issue, without any mixing up of this libel with other matters, Mrs. Stowe should simply do me justice by retracting it. If you wish any further conference about it, please write me immediately.

Yours, respectfully,

(Signed) JOEL PARKER.

To this Dr. Stowe replied as follows:

Prof. Stowe to Dr. Parker.

(Copy.)

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, June 7, 1852.

REV. JOEL PARKER, D.D.—*Dear Sir:* Yours of the 5th instant, I have just taken from the office. I am disappointed by it, for I supposed, from Mrs. Stowe's last note to me, the business was adjusted. I am sure she thought so. I shall immediately consult her father, and I hope very soon to see her. I will write you again in a few days the result of these consultations, and if need be will come and see you. I know she is a Christain woman and desires only to do right—and I trust you are a Christian man and have only the same desire. It would be an everlasting disgrace to all parties concerned, and to the church of Christ a grievous scandal, to have any public quarrel on this subject. It can, and it must be settled privately. Dr. Beecher and myself are both good friends to you, and of course we both love Mrs. Stowe as our own heart's blood. Be patient then, till you hear from me again.

Truly, yours,

(Signed) C. E. STOWE.

This closes Mrs. Stowe's active connection with the negotiation, and introduces the letters which have appeared in the *Tribune* and *Independent*, and which Dr. Parker charges me with writing, and with publishing without his knowledge or consent.

Before giving the history of that transaction, I wish to make a few remarks upon the history now gone over. It appears then:

1. That Mrs. Stowe had had nothing to do with changing Dr. Parker's language; that it was a form of language that had been uncontradictedly attributed to him since 1846, a period of five years; that it was universally believed to be a correct presentation of his views; that this belief was not dying away, but steadily increasing; that this language did not belong to partizan Abolition journals, but that it appeared in the most reputable and publicly trusted journals in America and in England; that it had been received in Great Britain in connection with the published opinions of other men, as a fair exposition of the sentiments of American ministers on the subject of Slavery; employed as such, as the basis of ecclesiastical action; and the ecclesiastical action itself justified in the public papers by the citation of this remark as evidence of the atrocity of ministerial public opinion in America; that it had returned to the United States to re-appear, not only in newspapers, but in the annual documents of the Anti-Slavery Society, as a fact, which, having passed an ordeal of five years growing circulation was to be set down as received history; that *then*, Mrs. Stowe innocently copied it, and that it stood for eight months before the public, in her story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in the *National Era*, just as it was in the book when Dr. Parker took it up; that it stood from the 20th of March till the 8th of May, in Jewett's edition of Uncle Tom, a period of seven weeks, before a word was lisped by Dr. Parker to let any one know that he disowned the language and the sentiments. Such an instance of literary silence we suspect was never before known; and there is nothing which is a parallel to it, except Dr. Parker's subsequent impatience to have it rectified when he did awake. And we believe that the public will decide that if ever a case occurred in which an author could innocently fall into an error, that case was Mrs. Stowe's. Next will therefore come the inquiry: "But did Mrs. Stowe take all due means of reparation when the error was pointed out to her?" She did.

2. We are prepared to notice, now, the allegation that Mrs. Stowe refused to pay any proper attention to Dr. Parker's importunity; that she refused to reply to his three letters; that she treated with silence his offer of "*documentary evidence to prove his innocence.*"

First: Dr. Parker knew from the beginning, and now knows, that though Mrs. Stowe did not reply to his first letter (being absent from home on its arrival at Brunswick), that her husband, Prof. Stowe, *did reply in her behalf*, at once; that he expressed the greatest regret that his (Dr. Parker's) name had been used, and gave the most friendly assurance that the matter should be immediately attended to and put right. Dr. Parker also knows that Mrs. Stowe knew that her husband had thus acknowledged the receipt of Dr. P.'s first note; for in his second letter, above quoted, he says expressly, "a letter from your husband has led me to understand that my note to you was received several days ago." No word of this has ever been whispered to the public by Dr. Parker or the *New York Observer*. They have been told by the *Observer*, with Dr. Parker's consent, that when Dr. P. wrote his first letter to her, "*Mrs. Stowe took no notice of his letter*" (the italics are not ours, but the *Observer's*); "Dr. Parker wrote to her again. *Mrs. Stowe deigned no reply*," &c. And yet Dr. Parker had in his possession when he impregnated the *New York Observer* with falsehood, and the *Observer* had in its possession when it gave forth its untruth, this reply of Dr. Stowe to Dr. Parker's first letter:

(Copy.)

BRUNSWICK, ME., BOWDOIN COLLEGE,
May 11, 1852.

REV. JOEL PARKER, D D.—*My Dear Sir:* Your name was used in Mrs Stowe's work without my knowledge, and of course, without my consent. As soon as I discovered it, I told her it was wrong, and she must have it erased. She agreed with me and wrote to her publisher to have the name erased and some other corrections made. As I have not read the late issues, I had hoped the corrections were made; and am very sorry to find by your note of the 8th instant, just received, that they have not been made. Mrs. S. is now on a visit to her brother, Rev. H. W. Beecher, in Brooklyn, where she will be happy to see you, and put all things on an amicable footing. I regret the occurrence, and am glad to find that you consider the statement a "calumny" and a "serious matter."

Very truly, yours,

(Signed), C. E. STOWE.

Second: Dr. Parker, after Mrs. Stowe's *apparent* silence had been explained to him, in a manner that no gentleman who reads the documents in this case will have a doubt should have satisfied an honourable mind, deliberately represents Mrs. Stowe as maintaining an obstinate silence. Yet Dr. Parker knew when such representations were made, as our readers now have the means of knowing, that Mrs. Stowe was in Brooklyn when he wrote to Brunswick, Maine; and that she failed for several days to receive his letter; that when it came to hand she replied to it within ten days; and that in this reply she offered reasons for even so long a delay, viz.: that her health was feeble, that she was bewildered by the "multiplied engagements" of the May Anniversary week (which, as an authoress of recent success, attracted to her not a little company); Dr. Parker also knew that after her reply was actually written, it was delayed from the 22d to the 29th of May, by some miscarriage which either prevented its reaching the post-office, or by some detention after it was dropped there, of which neither she nor I had or have any knowledge, and that he was informed by Mrs. Stowe on the 25th that such letter had been sent.

Now the reason of such apparent delay Dr. Parker might not have understood *at that time*; but he *did* understand it afterwards, not only by Mrs. Stowe's letter, but by interviews with her. He had been assured by letter and personally, by Mrs. Stowe and by Prof. Stowe, that she was not indifferent to his requests; that she anxiously desired to do him justice when she could do so with a clear conviction that she *was* wrong in ascribing to him the language quoted in her book. Yet, so late as within two weeks from this date, Dr. Parker permits the *Observer*, uncorrected, to say, "Mrs. Stowe did not hesitate to avail herself of the floating lies of Abolition newspapers to vilify the good name of a Gospel minister, and to all his remonstrances and even to his offers of documentary evidence to prove his innocence, she turns a deaf ear, *until* the arm of the law is raised, and then new light breaks in, and the *law* makes clear what the Gospel could not do." (The italics are the *Observer's*.)

The reader cannot but observe the marked contrast between Dr. Parker's five years indifference to this report, and his urgent haste and impatience with Mrs. Stowe for the delay of a few days, and that too when they had assurances from Prof. Stowe and Mrs. Stowe that they were most kindly disposed, and that she was investigating the matter with as much speed as prostrated health and the confusion of Anniversary week would allow.

Third: The quotation above introduces the third count of Dr. Parker's disingenouusness in regard to this part of the history. The *Observer* declares for him, that Mrs. Stowe had offers from Dr. Parker of "*documentary evidence* to prove his innocence," and again it says that when "that injured pastor offers quietly to give her the *evidence that she is mistaken, she does not condescend to look at the subject.*" (The italics are ours.)

All the letters of Dr. Parker referred to by him and the *Observer*, are now before the reader, and he is requested to find in them, if he can, the shadow of an offer of any documentary evidence, or of any evidence whatever.

In his first letter he does not even deny that the words are his. He only implies it, by complaints of being aspersed, and that his ministerial reputation was damaged. In the second letter, ten days later, he denies the language and the sentiments to be his, but makes no offer whatsoever to put Mrs. Stowe in possession of evidence to that point. The third letter is equally barren. The first offer ever made to produce documentary evidence to either Mrs. Stowe or myself was an offer from Benj. F. Butler, Esq., after he had been retained by Dr. Parker as counsel, conveyed to me by Mr. Barney, on the evening of the 26th May. And then it had its immediate effect, as it would have done earlier, if it had been offered by Dr. Parker, or had been procurable by us. And the *Observer's* deliberate affirmation, made under Dr. Parker's eye, of an offer to place in Mrs. Stowe's hands the means of ascertaining her error, is by his own letters shown to be void of truth.

3. I must ask the public to contrast the spirit of Mrs. Stowe's mind toward Dr. Parker, as revealed in her letter, with the whole style of the *Observer's* article toward her, and of Dr. Parker's letter of July 31, published in the *Observer* of September 30. We cannot believe that it is our mere prejudice in this matter that leads us to suppose that the tone of the *Observer* is most unchristian, and even malignant. Its blows are dealt with an unmistakable rejoicing in its work. If Mrs. Stowe *had* fallen into the mistakes which Dr. Parker charges, I appeal to all good and Christian men, whether it would not have been a matter of reproach to Christianity; and whether a religious journal, of wide circulation, represents the spirit of Christianity in its exultations over the downfall of a Christian? But, if this would be so, on the supposition that the *Observer* is right, how much worse is it, now that it appears so plainly that it has been thoroughly in the wrong? What idea of Christianity will the world gain by reading such articles as the *Observer's*, in which it appears that one minister plots with another, for the joint purpose of destroying a third minister of Christ and the reputation of a Christian woman, without one exhibition of regret or sorrow: and with every mark of malicious pleasure?

The narrative of events, which we now resume, left Mrs. Stowe at New Haven, whence she was to send me what she chose to be the final form of publication. Accordingly on or near the 5th of June, I received from her a letter of instructions, from which I extract as follows:

Extract, dated New Haven, June 4.

"I told him I would not publish anything without his seeing it: and therefore I send you the card enclosed to show to him. If he likes it, publish . . . . ; if he wants the phraseology altered in anywise, you have *carte blanche* to act in the matter. Of course you will have equal respect to my honour and his.

"Now I am under this misfortune: I cannot say that *I* am satisfied he never used the words in my book, for the simple reason that I *am* not. I should not be in the least surprised if it should appear that in course of some of the multifarious things he has said and written, this [illegible] seem to me that, *in its present form*, it must have had an origin.

"Now he evidently shrinks from my publishing in this form, that 'Mr. Parker authorizes me to deny,' &c., and wants me to substitute the form, '*I am satisfied* that he has never,' &c., that is, *I* take the responsibility. I inclose my ultimatum—*I* am well pleased with it: it is all I will do, and if he won't have this, *I* will publish it, and he may do ' wot he likes.'

"Put it into the *Tribune* and *Era*, but be sure he and lawyer both see it first; for I gave my word it should be shown, and I want all righteousness fulfilled.

"Yours in haste.

(Signed) "H. B. S."

The card which was enclosed, was as follows:

Mrs. Stowe's Card.

(Copy.)

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

The author of this work quoted on page 191 the following sentiment as ascribed to the Rev. Joel Parker, speaking of Slavery: "It has no evils but such as are inseparable from any other relations in social and domestic life."

This sentiment and language has been quite extensively and publicly attributed to Mr. Parker in the most respectable public prints in this country and in England. It was quoted at the meeting of an ecclesiastical body there, and, in connection with many remarks of the same character from other American ministers, formed the basis of a discussion on the propriety of admitting American ministers to English pulpits—a discussion which excited at the time a considerable sensation. Finally it was published among the historic documents of the Anti-Slavery Society for the year 1850, and a copy of the Report placed in the hands of Mr. Parker: but no public denial was ever made.

The author therefore quoted it as an acknowledged sentiment of Mr. Parker, with the same freedom with which the well-known uncontradicted sentiments of public men are commonly alluded to and quoted.

Since coming to this city, she has learned with some surprise by correspondence and personal interviews with Mr. Parker, that he considers himself misrepresented and injured by the quotation in this connection, and she feels that justice and honour require a fair statement of what may justly be said on his side of the subject.

As in the first place the language of the quotation in the book is not the precise language of Mr. Parker, and that the reader may fairly judge of this, the two quotations are placed side by side.

Uncle Tom's Cabin.	*Dr. Parker.*
Slavery has "no evils but such as are inseparable from any other relation in social and domestic life."	"What then are the evils inseparable from Slavery?" "There is not one that is not equally inseparable from depraved human nature in other lawful relations."

But as it is the connection which fairly interprets the sense of any detached sentence, it is further proper that the reader be made aware of the *connection* in which the remark occurs.

In the year 1846 a discussion was held in the Philadelphia *Observer* between Rev. Mr. Rood and Mr. Parker to the following effect:

Mr. Rood held that the various evils of Slavery, such as the severing of families, the holding for mere purposes of gain, the forbidding of education, and the various physical sufferings inflicted on the slave, were inevitably connected with the system of American Slavery, and could not be separated from it.

Mr. Parker maintained that these various evils could be separated from the system of Slavery, and that there was no evil that could *not* be separated from it excepting such as attend every lawful relation.

It will be seen that as the remark stands by itself it would appear to justify American Slavery as it is, and to state that its evils as they now exist are no greater than the evils of other lawful relations, but that in its connection it simply asserts that it is practicable to *separate* these evils from Slavery in every case.

Although the author does not agree with this statement of Dr. Parker's in itself, nor with most of the things he adduces in support of it, yet she considers it far more favourable to his character as a man and a Christian than the other, and regrets that through Mr. Parker's delay to rectify the very general misunderstanding as to his language and sentiments she has been betrayed into an unintentional injustice.

(To have been signed) H. B. STOWE.

The reader will observe the instructions given me.

Before proceeding now to the interview which I had with Dr. Parker, it is proper to pause and consider the public impression which has been caused by the statements of the *Observer* and of Dr. Parker.

It would appear from their statements, and it *is* the impression generally produced upon the public mind, that I drew up this correspondence of my own mind, took it *to* Dr. Parker—that he examined it, and turned me off by saying, that it *might*, after he had seen his counsel, *with some modification*, be satisfactory to him, and that Dr. Parker was shortly after utterly amazed to see the letters published.

What now will the public judge of the man and of the *Observer*, if it shall appear that the idea of these letters occurred to me while at Dr. Parker's house, in friendly conference with him over the '*Card*' which Mrs. Stowe had written for publication—that they were written in his own study, not only with his own knowledge and privity, but at his own urgent request—that they were thrice read, once *to* him and twice *by* him, and that after criticising a single sentence he gave them his most unqualified approbation? God, the All-beholding, knows that these were the facts, and I call Him to witness to the truth of the statement which I now shall make.

On or about the 10th of June, I called at No. 2 Leroy Place, and introduced myself and errand to Dr. Parker. He was occupied, apparently reviewing a manuscript sermon, in the room occupied as a study. I presented Mrs. Stowe's Card, which she had promised that he should see before publishing. We sat down together at his writing-table, and went over the Card generally and in detail. Many changes were made in its phraseology, and some additional sentences inserted. At length, when all modifications were made which I thought proper to make, Dr. Parker said, evidently not satisfied with it, that perhaps it might do. It was at this point that I surprised him by an abrupt declaration: "Dr. Parker, I am not satisfied with this whole thing; it does not meet my views; it is too complex; all that both of you wish to have said can certainly be said more simply and in a Christian way. I believe that I could draw up two or three letters which would put the thing exactly right."

Dr. Parker, almost without a moment's hesitation and with some decisiveness, said that he thought it could be done, and urged me to do it. He rose from his place to give me his seat at the table, cleared away his manuscripts, put writing materials before me, and then stepped into the adjoining room to give me an undisturbed opportunity. In, I should think, less than twenty minutes, I called him back, for the letters were written at a dash. I read them to him, a little anxious to know how it would strike his mind to see himself in letters which sprung from my mind. The effect upon him was unequivocal. There was an expression of satisfaction with them, both of countenance and language. He then took them into his own hands and read them carefully. When the came to the sentence: "While, therefore, I do not see how I could have acted with more caution in employing an allegation which had become historical, I am yet heartily glad to find that a sentiment so shocking to every Christian mind is not yours." He paused and laid his finger upon that, saying that he thought it too strong, or too unqualified; that Mrs. Stowe, in his judgment, had *not* used due caution, &c. But I firmly insisted upon such a clause, and he waived it, saying that "perhaps it was not very material," or words to that effect. He then read it a second time, and gave it an unhesitating approval. Both of us were at the time in good spirits, like men that had happily got through a vexatious affair. He did not say one word about making it the basis of future arrangement. He did not utter one word about agreeing to it after *he* had seen his counsel. Dr. Parker as distinctly understood that the paper was to be published as I did. For not only was the publishing of this correspondence or of the Card, for which it was a substitute, the drift of our whole interview, and implied in every stage of it; but Dr. Parker seemed to me to think that they were to be published immediately, and I stated to him that I should not publish them till Mrs. Stowe had seen them.

There was but a single qualification to Dr. Parker's assent, and that was, that his counsel should make no objections to the correspondence. I told him that I would go immediately to Mr. Butler, and when after a few minutes I shook hands with him and left, I said again that I should go at once to Mr. Butler's office; and I added that I should tell Mr. Butler from him that he was satisfied with it if Mr. Butler was. That by all professional etiquette, a man who employs counsel is bound to make conclusive agreements without first fully consulting him, there is no doubt. But in this case, the whole effort of his counsel had been to procure such a settlement as this: and it is not surprising that one not versed in legal matters should regard such a course as that here indicated, with satisfaction. But right or wrong, my duty is to state the facts as they occurred, and not to account for Dr. Parker's treatment of his counsel.

I went straight to Mr. Butler, and read the original card and the Correspondence. To the card he objected, as wholly insufficient. To the correspondence, he stated to me no particular objection, provided it was satisfactory to Dr. Parker. I have [illegible] liberty to ask Mr. Butler's attention to my statement of the results of my interview with him, and take pleasure in complying with the request to publish his letter.

Letter of B. F. Butler, Esq.

(Copy.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 5, 1852.

Dear Sir: I understand from you, that in a statement you are about to make in relation to the correspondence recently published in the newspapers, as having taken place between Rev. Dr. Parker and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, you allude to the interview had between you and myself, on the 10th of June, and say in respect to it—"To the card Mr. Butler objected, as wholly insufficient: to the correspondence he stated to me no particular objection, provided it was satisfactory to Dr. Parker." You request me to say, whether the statement above quoted conforms to my recollection. Notwithstanding my professional relations to Dr. Parker, I consider it my duty to answer this question; and I therefore state, in reply to it, that, as far as it goes, it is correct. But it is due to myself to say, that I did not dream of the publication of the proposed correspondence, until it should be first fully assented to, settled and signed by the respective parties; nor until after Dr. Parker, as to his part of it, should have had the opportunity of consulting me as his lawyer. This, I supposed, he would do, while you were taking measures to obtain, if you could, the assent of Mrs. Stowe—as to which, when at my office, you expressed some doubt. I have no recollection, that you told me that Dr. Parker would consult me on the subject; but my expectation that he would do so, was the necessary result of the relations of client and counsel existing between him and myself; and I, therefore, reserved for Dr. Parker's private consultations with me, my opinion and advice as to any question he might think it needful to propose to me, in regard to the final terms of the correspondence.

Will you do me the favour to publish this note with your statement?

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

B. F. BUTLER.

Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, Brooklyn.

I enclosed the correspondence to Mrs. Stowe, and wrote the following note to accompany it, which note is certainly not reverent as it should be, but it shows the honourable intentions I entertained towards Dr. Parker.

After criticising her card, 1, as attempting to do too many things, 2, as on that account failing to produce the impression which she desired, I proceeded to say—

(Copy.)

3. When any apology is made before the public, it ought to be so explicit as at once to gain for the maker the credit of honesty, frankness, and honour; and *then*, if afterwards you have aught to say, it will be kindly taken.

Nevertheless, I took it to Joel. He made wry faces. We tinkered a little, as you will see, and in this shape he agreed to let it go. But I felt bad about it. I said to him, "Mr. Parker, I don't like the whole thing. If you will give me pen and ink and leave me alone, I will write one to my mind. So I wrote the enclosed, i. e. two letters as from him and one as from you. I am satisfied that these will make a good impression.

You will see that you do not commit yourself as to whether he ever said, in any *other* controversy, this thing. You express a judgment made up upon documents presented. Besides, I am quite satisfied that he *has* been misrepresented in that regard. That being the case, I desire much an unequivocal statement on that point. *Then* the statement of the way in which you got hold of the thing will have force, both to exculpate you and to show that he brought the infliction on his own head.

If you approve this, send a copy in your handwriting to Wm. Harned, *A. S. Rooms*, 48 Beekman-street, New York, and he will see its insertion in *Tribune*, *Era*, and *Independent*.

Truly yours,

(Signed) H. W. B.

I leave for Indiana Monday.

This letter is decisive of my feelings and intentions toward Dr. Parker, and my only hesitation about publishing it is, lest it should seem that I was too severe with Mrs. Stowe. But our disagreement was never for a moment as to the fact of public reparation, nor as to *what* should *be* that reparation; but simply as to how much or how little collateral explanation had better be given. Mrs. Stowe was never inclined, as Dr. Parker says, "to insist upon adding to the concessions other matter relating to what she considered my position in respect to the subject of Slavery." All that Mrs Stowe wished on this point was to show exactly what Dr. Parker's position and argument on the subject of Slavery had been, *in the original controversy*, from which the language quoted in her book was supposed to be derived; and where the drift of his argument gave a very different construction to his words from what they would have standing alone: Mrs. Stowe had no wish to define his general belief, or his personal relations to Slavery. Another difficulty was, that Dr. Parker thought she *ought*, while she thought she ought *not*, to take *blame* to herself in any card to be published. A third embarrassment, and the only other, was *how* frankly to retract in regard to the language used in the controversy, *without positively declaring*, what she would not declare, that Dr. Parker had *never* used such language as that attributed to him. Her letter is explicit on that subject.

Here, my agency in this transaction closed. I left for the West. On my way home, finding the correspondence in a copy of the *Tribune*, in Cincinnati, I then first learned Mrs. Stowe's decision and action in this matter. On reaching Brooklyn, I cannot tell whether amazement or indignation was the strongest, on reading the following letter from Dr. Parker to Prof. Stowe which had been sent to me by Mrs. Stowe.

Dr. Parker to Prof. Stowe.

(Copy.)

NEW YORK, June 30, 1852.

REV. C. E. STOWE, D.D.—*My Dear Sir:* Are you aware of the fact that the letters published in the *Tribune* and *Independent*, as purporting to have been written by myself, were *not written, nor signed, nor sanctioned* by me?

They were drawn up by the Rev. H. W. Beecher, and when read by me I expressed the idea that they might, *with some modification*, lead to the settlement of the difficulty. I proposed that Mr. Beecher should show them to my counsel, Mr. Butler, and that they should be made the subject of future consideration.

This was the understanding when *we* separated. I mean Mr. Beecher and myself. I have heard nothing from Mr. Beecher or Mrs. Stowe since, till, to my astonishment, I learned that these letters had been published without modification, *without my knowledge or consent*.

I am not aware whether Mr. Beecher saw my counsel or not. I have made repeated efforts to see Mr. Butler since my return, for I have been absent. But he has been out of town, and I have as yet learned nothing from him.

It has appeared to me unwise to come out and deny publicly the authorship of the letters ascribed to me. They may have got to the press by some mistake of a third person to whom they may have been entrusted, for I cannot yet believe that either Mr. Beecher or Mrs. Stowe would intentionally authorize their publication, and I prefer that Mrs. Stowe should have the privilege of explaining the mistake, rather than that she should appear to have done a thing so extraordinary as to publish letters over my name without either my signature or consent.

It has seemed to me all along, that it would have been well for *you* to have come and seen me about this business. I cannot consent to stand before the public as one soliciting it as a favour from Mrs. Stowe to set me right before the public. I wish her to set herself right in respect to what she has done in relation to me. I am not impatient. I allow time. But it is not a matter for compromise as if there were wrong on both sides. I do not wish to afflict Mrs. Stowe, and would not knowingly consent to her doing anything on my account, that would not be, under the circumstances, the very best thing for her character, and her reputation as a Christian woman. Had you not better come on and see me? I have had my full share of trouble about the business, and, in my earnestness to settle the matter amicably, I have borne much more than my friends think I ought to have done. I have no doubt that you and I could settle the whole affair, by a conference of an hour or two, and I quite agree with you that it would be a great shame that we should have any sort of public conflict in relation to it.

With great respect, yours, truly,

(Signed) JOEL PARKER.

About this time Dr. Parker had given his version of this matter to Mr. Converse, editor of the *Christian Observer*, Philadelphia, and in the last number of that paper, Oct. 2, 1852, the following editorial account is given:

MRS. STOWE AND DR. PARKER.

Some months since, our attention was called to a misrepresentation of Dr. Parker's language and sentiments, in one of the foot notes of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." At the same time we were told that Dr. P. had written to Mrs. S. requesting her to retract the misstatement. We were also advised that Mrs. S. was not disposed to make the correction required—and that Dr. P. put the matter into the hands of an able counsel for adjustment. About the last of June, a correspondence appeared in some of our exchange papers, purporting to be copies of letters between Dr. P. and Mrs. S., amicably settling the difficulty. We read the letters with amazement! We were surprised that Dr. P. should permit Mrs. S. or any one "*to set*" him "*right before the public*" in the style of Mrs. S.'s letter—or that he should ever ask to be "*allowed*" to publish such a letter! Meeting with Dr. P. shortly after, he assured us in answer to some inquiry, that THESE LETTERS WERE FORGE- [illegible] *consented* to their publication, and that Mr. Beecher had caused them to be published without his consent!

"Why then do you not expose the forgery?" we asked. Dr. P. replied in substance that the exposure would be discreditable, or scandalous to the ministry—and that he wished to avoid anything that might be the occasion of reproach to the ministry or religion. It was then our intention to publish nothing about the matter; but as it is now spread abroad, we think it due to those concerned to state the facts contained in this article.

The italics and capitalization are the *Christian Observer's*.

On the same day that Dr. Parker wrote to Prof. Stowe, as above, he wrote to my venerable father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, of Boston; and the cool recital to a father of his son's agency in a transaction which he pronounces a "FORGERY," must forever stand as a model.

Dr. Parker to Dr. Lyman Beecher.

NEW YORK, June 30, 1852.

REV. AND DEAR SIR: Your very kind letter came duly to hand. I delayed responding to it, because I hoped in a short time to be able to congratulate you and myself and all concerned, by saying that the whole difficulty was settled. But I am afraid now it is further off than ever.

The publication of these letters was very extraordinary. Still, I hope it can be explained. I have written Dr. Stowe fully to-day. You will probably see the letter.

I have no doubt, if I could see him or yourself one hour, the whole affair could be adjusted.

I appreciate all you say of my rights and character being dear to you. I trust you most confidently—and do not wish to occasion you a single sensation of discomfort. I suppose you have seen the letters—the correspondence published in *The Tribune* and *The Independent*. You could not of course have known beforehand that they were drawn up by your son, H. W. Beecher, and that they were without my signature, as a mere form of negotiation, to be revised.

I never could have consented to their publication, till they were modified. How they came to be published I do not know. I hope and trust that it was not intentional; that it resulted from some mistake of a third party, to whom they may have been entrusted for conference with me, and such modifications as Mrs. Stowe and myself might mutually consent to. If so, Mrs. Stowe ought to know immediately that no such person ever came to me.

I have no doubt that a full conference either with yourself or Professor Stowe would set everything right.

Yours, affectionately, JOEL PARKER.

In this congeries of letters was one other of July 31, to the *New York Observer*, and which was published in that paper, Sept. 30, 1832.

Dr. Parker to N. Y. Observer.

NEW YORK, July 31, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR: On returning from the country this afternoon, I found your note of the 28th instant on my table. The correspondence to which you refer, purporting to be a correspondence between myself and Mrs. H. B. Stowe, was drawn up by Rev. H. W. Beecher as a proposed basis of settling the difficulties between myself and Mrs Stowe. That is to say, Mr. Beecher proposed that we should, both Mrs. Stowe and myself, adopt these letters as ours. I agreed to have it *under advisement*, and encouraged the expectation that, *with some modification*, we might settle the whole matter by *some such method*. Mr. Beecher took the paper which Mrs. Stowe had not seen, and to which neither of us had affixed our signature, and I heard nothing further of the matter till, to my utter amazement, the letters were published with the names of the parties affixed. Whether they were the same or not, I do not know. I had no copy. I presume they were nearly the same, if not in every word. But those ascribed to me were never adopted by me, and I never could have been induced to sign them as they were, nor to accept of Mrs. Stowe's as satisfactory.

Mrs. Stowe refused even to answer my letters till I had written her the third time. Then I employed counsel, and resolved to commence a suit for libel. Before she knew my purpose, she wrote a note in a defiant tone, and affirmed that her conviction, derived from facts and documents and the testimony of living witnesses, was that such an issue would prove far more unfortunate for me than for herself.

After she had learned that I had employed Mr. Benj. F. Butler as my counsel, she addressed a note to me in a milder tone, and this led to an interview, in which she admitted that she had imputed to me words and sentiments which I had not put forth. She never has shown herself willing to make a simple reparation of the wrong as it is, and justifies herself by saying the language was imputed to me in "American journals," and not denied by me, when she knows that they were Abolition newspapers, which I did not suppose were believed in this country, where their character was known. Yours truly, J. PARKER.

In reply to Dr. Parker's letter to Prof. Stowe, Mrs. Stowe wrote this, the last of her letters in this most painful and extraordinary history.

Mrs. Stowe's Closing Letter to Dr. Parker.

(Copy.)

BRUNSWICK, July 2, 1852.

REV. MR. PARKER—*Dear Sir:* As your letter addressed to my husband is one that I can answer better than he, I shall now reply to it by stating to you, briefly, all I know of the matter under consideration.

The card which I sent to my brother contained what I then supposed and do still suppose to be a fair and just exposition of the whole state of the case. I received a letter in reply, from my brother, in which he stated, that he had shown that card to you, that you and he had together variously amended and altered it in regard to expression until you were brought to some degree of unanimity upon it. My brother then went on to say, that he said to you—"Mr. Parker, the wording of this does not exactly please me, and I think if you will give me liberty to draw up a form, I can produce one that will give satisfaction to both sides." He went on to say, that he now sent me this form, which if I was willing to accede to and adopt as my language, I was to copy with my own hand-writing and send to the care of Mr. William Harned, who would see to its insertion in the *Era*, *Tribune* and *Independent*.

I was of the opinion, at the time, that the "*card*" which I had sent was a more just and fair expose of the subject, and I should have much preferred its publication. But I thought that if you were willing to consent to this adjustment, I ought to be willing also, and upon consideration I came to the conclusion that it was the best expression which could be given.

In it you were represented as acting with the courtesy and dignity which becomes a Christian man of honour, and I expressed what I sincerely feel, a pleasure in repairing any unintentional injustice which I might have done you.

Nothing could have been more surprising than the receipt of your letter. You will perceive at once that the case lies between you and my brother Henry, who, judging from the tone of his letter to me, considered himself to be acting with all kindness, fairness and good faith, *as he always does act.* I think he will be equally surprised with myself to learn that you do not consider yourself to have assented to those letters.

My dear sir, there are some few things in this matter, that you know perfectly well, for *I know* that you were satisfied of them at the time we had our interview. In the first place, that the remark as published, was published in no personal unkindness whatever—that it was published as a sentiment to be replied to in a dramatic argument, for everybody knows that that is the character of the article. And your name was given, simply as the name of a leading man who was known to have publicly advanced that sentiment. I had no possible means of knowing that the sentiment was not yours, and the very strongest evidence for believing that it was, since you had allowed it in silence to become a historical document. You know, and I know, that you have used language which, when placed side by side with what I quoted, is such that not one man in ten can be made to see any difference. I *know* this, because I have tried earnestly and sincerely to explain to sensible men what you did mean by the language which you admit that you used, and it has failed to produce any impression on them except this, that it is a jesuitical construction of language, by which either of two opposite assertions can be claimed as the writer's sentiments according to emergencies.

I can still publish the facts of the case just as I wrote them—*first*, what you did *not* say; *second*, what you *did* say; *third*, the evidence that you knew the construction which the world was putting upon your language, and yet that you did not contradict it. But I certainly think that the whole matter is in a more creditable form to you now than if I should do so.

I have done what I consider to be perfectly honourable and fair to remove an imputation for which you have given too much occasion.

You know perfectly well, Mr. Parker, for I told you frankly, that I did not consider myself to have acted wrong in this matter, but simply to have fallen into a mistake, which your silence rendered unavoidable, and I consider myself to have said all that you can possibly expect from me under the circumstances. When my brother returns, which will be soon, you will probably discuss fairly with him whatever strikes you as objectionable in his part of the proceedings.

Yours, very truly, (Signed,)

H. B. STOWE.

And now it is not to be concealed that Dr. Parker and I stand before the public at issue upon a question of personal veracity. And those who do not fall upon the convenient theory of a *mutual misunderstanding*, must determine the issue by the personal character of the parties. But so odious a necessity as this, is somewhat alleviated by several considerations to which I call attention.

1. When Dr. Parker avers that he agreed to have the letters "*under advisement*, and encouraged the expectation that with *some modification*, we might settle the matter by *some such method*," (see letter of July 30 to *N. Y. Observer*), he has fatally entrapped himself. For I now have it in my power to show that such statements were morally impossible.

A train of events, beginning with Dr. Parker's counsel, and not with us, had led to several private interviews; had satisfied Mrs. Stowe of her error; had settled her determination to make a public reparation. She and Dr. Parker could not agree as to the *form*. She went to New Haven, to rest, and there calmly to review the whole ground and settle with herself what statement she would make. She sent the statement; declared it to be an ultimatum; gave me liberty to change the phraseology but not the spirit of the thing; and declares: "I am well pleased with it—it is all I will do—if he won't have this I will publish it and he may do what he likes." Now let it be considered whether this is the language (or that of the letter which *I* wrote afterward) of persons who feared a suit, who were negotiating to avoid one, or whether *negotiating of any* sort was my errand to Dr. Parker.

I was sent to read him a card that was to be published whether he liked it or not, and which was to be changed, only as to phraseology, I was not sent to ask him whether he would take such and such an apology in lieu of $20,000 damages. Instead, I was to say; this is to be substantially published at any rate; but we wish to please you as far as we can without compromising our own sense of what it is right for us to do. At my suggestion and his urgent request, a substitute was written in an epistolary form. Now Dr. Parker does not say that he asked time to consider which of the two papers he had rather have published, (nay, he has withheld in any letter that there was a card at all, and he has never once mentioned in either of four letters, that the letters were written in his own study during a friendly conference between us), but he says that he promised to take these letters *under advisement*. This statement stamps his story with inveracity. For I did not come to ask for a settlement. I came to make a card which was to be published at any rate, as agreeable to him as could be, consistently with its substantial averments. Had he therefore made the remark which he says, or any remark of the same kind, my answer must have been, "Dr. Parker, I did not ask you whether you would consent to have these published—but simply whether you had rather I should publish Mrs. Stowe's apology, in the shape of this correspondence."

2. Aside from the intrinsic evidence, there happens to be an intrinsic circumstance bearing upon it. I was on the eve of a visit to Indiana. To me had been committed by Mrs. Stowe the final disposition of this affair. Whatever I did must be done at once. Is it to be supposed that I should have been put off to an unappointed time and indefinite settlement, and not notice the fact? Could I fail to reply to Dr. Parker that such a thing was impossible, that I had no time for further conference?

The public will require a word of explanation as to my reason for going thence to Mr. Butler. When Mr. Butler was applied to to take this case, and had seen the documentary evidence, such was his confidence in Mrs. Stowe's integrity and Christian honour, and such was his conviction that there was evidence that she had wronged Dr. P., that he was confident that a private settlement might be had if Mrs. Stowe could but be rightly approached. I had understood, at my interview with Mr. Barney, that when Dr. Parker applied for counsel, Mr. Butler made it the condition of his undertaking the case that Dr. Parker should *take no steps* in this matter without first consulting him. I may have been slightly inaccurate as to this point; but, whether I was or not that *was* my understanding. When Dr. Parker said that he was satisfied with the correspondence provided his counsel assented. I saw the reason, and I instantly said, "Then I will go immediately to Mr. Butler." It was not to obtain any authority from him for publishing these letters; nor to obtain his agreement that he would not bring suit, but to make Dr. Parker's approval of the letters effectual by obtaining his counsel's consent for *him* to act thus, in the settlement of the matter, if he wished.

3. But there is another suggestion which will satisfy a business man that Dr. Parker's story is intrinsically absurd.

His statement is that he had obtained counsel to bring suit for $20,000 damages; that I "FORGED" letters as a settlement of that suit, and published them in the daily papers without his knowledge or consent! And all this was done also without obtaining a written relinquishment of claim for damages should he yet chose to bring suit. Did mortal man ever before dream of a published forgery as a pacification of an angry litigant; or of a forger publishing his act so that the aggrieved parties would find it out the next morning; and doing it in a way too, that left the door open to the very suit which he is supposed to have dreaded, and not only left it open to him, but heaped by such provocation fresh fuel upon his zeal as a prosecutor. Had I done such a crazy deed I ought not to have been blamed, but sent to a lunatic asylum. And any person that will believe that a minister of the Gospel, in circumstances the most prosperous, would imperil his reputation and every interest in life, upon such a barefaced folly as that, ought to doubt his own sanity. But I am ashamed to reason on such a matter!

The *New York Observer* has chosen Haman for its model, and built a gallows to hang me upon. The Lord has been plesed to deal with me as he did with Mordecai, and I am pained to see the *Observer* swing in the gibbet reserved for me.

4. But I have not yet done. There is now an account which the public have to settle with the guilty parties who have dragged this affair from honourable privacy and brought a shame and reproach to Christianity by publishing it. I wash my hands of blame.

What was the state of things when Dr. Parker brought this matter to the public ear? Was he suffering in reputation? His name had been erased from the book; Mrs. Stowe had conferred amicably with him as to a public reparation; all the grievances of which the *Observer* makes so much, viz.: Mrs. Stowe's obstinate silence had been explained and dropped; an apology had appeared in the public prints which *had* struck the public mind as most Christian and satisfactory; and by his own showing there was but this objection that he had not signed the letters of prefix or suffix which were at any rate but the machinery for introducing the main thing, *Mrs. Stowe's retraction*. Dr. Parker knew too, that in so far as Mrs. Stowe was concerned, she had acted most innocently and in good faith; and that if any one was to blame, I was the man; and that she had acted honourably, not only, but had yielded her judgment and consented to what she supposed was his wish, and taken these letters instead of her own card. Now admitting the gross construction put upon my conduct, did that justify Dr. Parker as a man of honour, in ripping up and publishing to the world an *ex parte* statement of all the grievances he had suffered by Mrs. Stowe, and which, in so far as it lay in her power, she had settled? Dr. Parker in this thing stands before the public as a man who negotiates *privately* with Mrs. Stowe, until he had obtained from her a public concession of his injuries, and then availing himself of an informality, turns about and exposes her to obloquy and reproach, by publishing a garbled statement of all those grievances which her public retraction was procured to heal!

5. Conclusion.

When the *New York Observer* represents Dr. Parker as offering evidence to Mrs. Stowe in the first instance, to satisfy her that she was in error, it is shown that it stated an untruth; when it declares that Mrs. S. "took no notice of his lettes" it is proven to have stated an untruth; when it says that she deigned no reply to his second letter it states an untruth; when it declares that Mrs. Stowe was induced only by fear of a libel suit to come to terms, it states an untruth; when Dr. Parker in his letter to the *Observer* intimates the same thing, he brings himself into conflict with his own statement respecting the same thing, given in his letter to Prof. Stowe. When Joel Parker and the *New York Observer* state that the published letters were not written by Dr. Parker, nor signed by Dr. Parker, they do, at length, state a truth; but when they state that they were not approved by him with the understanding that they were to be published, they state an untruth. When they, both, neglect to say a word of Mrs. Stowe's card; of the origin of these letters in Dr. Parker's study; of his request that they should be written; of his warm approval of them, they *suppress* the truth; when they declare that Dr. Parker agreed only to take these letters into advisement and to make them the subject of future consideration, they state an untruth.

And now, if the *Observer* has been led into this quagmire by Dr. Parker it can extricate itself, though it will be hard soon to cleanse itself, and stand among 20,000 families as a safe and judicious religious paper.

If Dr. Parker had been drawn into it by the *Observer* he can repent, confess, and regain his peace of mind.

But if both of them took hold of hands and leaped together into this conspiracy to destroy me and blast the influence of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, they ought to confess first to God, next to the Public, and then to each other. They have done me no harm and I have nothing to forgive.

In this long chapter of consecutive falsehoods which have flowed down the columns of the *Observer*, there is not an alleviating circumstance. In Dr. Parker's letters there *are* expressions of regret, and hopes that things may be found better than they seem; but in the *Observer* there is not a hope expressed for better things, not a sorrow uttered over such wickedness as it sets forth; there is no intimation that there may be an explanation; that when I am heard from, or Mrs. Stowe, possibly a better face may be put upon it. There is the steady tread, from beginning to end of its recital, of a man who has a deadly purpose, who is sure of his victim, who tracks him with delight and excitement, who marks the vital spots, and strikes blow upon blow to make the execution deadly. And having put forth charges which will henceforth stand without a parallel of atrocity in the history of religious journalizing, it declares that it was done for the "*entertainment*" of its readers! We part company from the *New York Observer*. On the road that we are endeavouring to travel we shall seldom meet it, and we bid it farewell!

In respect to Dr. Parker, my feelings are those of most unaffected sorrow. His age, his office, his former usefulness, his newly planted hopes in a congregation lately bereaved of the pastoral care of the noble son of an illustrious father, these things and the general welfare of religion make me inexpressibly sad to have been the instrument of such an exposure, and of such justice as awaits him.

If any think or feel that I have dealt uncharitably with Dr. Parker, let them believe me when I say, that if Dr. Parker had spared Mrs. Stowe—against her, as a man of honour, he ought not to have had the shadow of a resentment; she had appeared before the public in the most handsome manner and in unquestioned good faith—if he had simply stated to the public a complaint against *me*; or if he had made the circuit of the whole ministerial neighbourhood with it, as he has done with his published story—I should have said—"Dr. Parker forgets; that interview must have faded from his mind." But no such charity can explain this shameless breach of honour, toward a lady who had publicly and honourably retracted any injury unwittingly done; and when, to harm her, he not only raked up all the embers of an expired controversy, but stated the facts with such suppressions as to make them bear false witness; for all this, a "*fallible memory*" cannot be pleaded.

Even after the scandalous publication of the *Observer*, I called upon Mr. Butler, and told him that I was willing to withhold every word of defence from publication, if Dr. Parker would relieve me from the weight and odium of his statements. Supremely conscious of my own integrity, and in this very thing having an open and clean breast before God; knowing in my inmost soul that I had transcended the mere requirement of duty and had acted magnanimously, and with the sincerest regard for Dr. Parker's interest as a minister and as a gentleman, and that I had done him a kindness almost as great as one man can do for another, I could almost have consented to have stood without the utterance of a word, and lived down the slander by a patient continuance in well doing. But a sister's honour, and the interest in me which belongs to the more than 3000 souls of my flock, would not permit it. Nor would the *Observer* permit it, whose purpose it was with double stroke to destroy me, and blast the influence of the world-read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

It was my prayer to God when I began this narrative that my brain might not reel nor be left to error, and it was my promise if He would give me grace and wisdom to strike a true blow for a sister, that should set her free from the accursed enchantment in which her reputation stood spell-bound before the public, that I would hardly ask a thing for myself. But God has given me all and more, and the work is done, and eternity will not untwine the cords with which this monstrous iniquity is bound for the sacrifice!

I commit this narrative to the sober judgment of all good men; and myself I commit to the charge of Almighty God! HENRY WARD BEECHER.

EDWARD A. CABELL, Esq., has just been appointed Chief Clerk of the General Land Office. Mr. Cabell is a gentleman of ability, and has for some time past been engaged as a clerk in the Land Office. He is from the State of Virginia.—*Wash. Republic.*

☞ Isn't that last remark of *The Republic* rather superfluous?—*Trib.*

JUDGE MCCALEB, of New Orleans, has rendered a decision on the McDonough will case, declaring null and void the claims of New Orleans, Baltimore, Louisiana, and Maryland.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

. *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

††† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1852.

MR. SMITH.

NOBODY, as everybody knows, is the person who does all the mischief in every household. Nobody breaks things; nobody brings in mud upon the carpets; nobody scratches the furniture; nobody wastes the flour, disposes in an unaccountable manner of the sugar, makes away with the tea, and uses up the provisions generally. Let whatever may be done, that should have been left undone, nobody did it. What nobody is in the house, Mr. Smith is going to be in politics.

Mr. Smith has always been a very well known gentleman. He is ubiquitous. He is active in all affairs, political, religious, and social; is a clergyman, a lawyer, a physician, a merchant and a shipmaster. He preaches in the Church opposite, and sells grog round the corner; drives slaves on a Carolina plantation, and is an excellent Abolitionist; is found drunk in the gutter, and is at the same time delivering a temperance lecture; is making the tour of Europe, and lives at home, as his fathers did before him, and has never left the old homestead. Mr. Smith is everywhere, and his first name is John. But he is a very good man nevertheless, and has never hurt anybody, though he is often in the Police Court, and is a constant resident of Blackwell's Island.

But he has come out in an altogether new place, and is playing the mischief. It happens that he is a purser on board a Chagres steamer that touches at Havana, and, as a correspondent of a New York paper, has sent home, from time to time, some reports of affairs in Cuba. They were not pleasing to the Governor General, so, when the steamer returned to Cuba, he sent his officials to inquire for Mr. Smith. The Captain would give no satisfactory reply, and the vessel was forbidden to enter the harbour, or to land her mails and passengers. She departed, under protest, and took Mr. Smith with her.

Here is a *casus belli*, and this confounded Mr. Smith is at the bottom of it. Why could he not be satisfied to be anything else in the world except the purser of that steamer? Or if he must be that, why need he be writing letters to New York papers? Could he not have been satisfied to let that one thing alone? However, having done it, the United States Government means to protect him, and to insist upon the right of this identical steamer going into the port of Cuba, with Mr. Smith on board. If the Governor General will not receive Mr. Smith, he must look to see Moro Castle tumbling about his ears, and the sloop-of-war Cyane sailed from here on Sunday with that very pepperry purpose. Her Commander, Hollins, has only to propound Mr. Smith or war.

Is Mr. Smith a myth? At any rate he is a good enough Mr. Smith to get up a war with Cuba, and to put a Fillibustering expedition against that Island on a national and patriotic footing. If a party at the South shall question the propriety of a war with Spain for the sake of annexing a new Slave State, the answer will be—Mr. Smith. If Great Britain or France has anything to say of the faith of treaties, we reply—Mr. Smith. If any mischief is coming, it is Mr. Smith.

The Government at Washington, we see, is awake to the emergency, and prompt measures are to be taken to uphold the national dignity. Beside the insult to Mr. Smith's steamer, another American vessel has been boarded at Havana by the police to look for a fugitive who had, in some way, offended the authorities; and he was found. But the origin of the whole difficulty was in Mr. Smith, and on Mr. Smith must rest the responsibility.

CONGREGATIONALISTS ON SLAVERY.

A CONVENTION of lay and clerical delegates from Congregational Churches was held at Albany, last week, into which, of course, the subject of Slavery obtruded itself, and as necessarily created some disturbance and discussion. The result, however, in one respect, was cheering and satisfactory, and is another evidence of how rapidly the Church is approaching the position for demanding which Abolitionists were, for years, and are, even still, denounced as infidels, and anti-Church. On this occasion, the question came up in relation to the duty of the Home Missionary Society towards the Churches in Slaveholding States, and a Committee was appointed to consider and report upon the subject. We copy from the published minutes the report of the debate which ensued when the Committee presented itself before the Convention:

Rev. Dr. Peters, from the Committee to which was referred all questions touching aid to churches in slaveholding States, reported that the Committee were unanimous in their approbation of the voluntary and unsectarian character of the American Home Missionary Society, and of its administration towards Congregational and Presbyterian churches, and are of opinion that any disrupture of present relations is undesirable. With regard to the second point referred to them, the Committee were not unanimous. The majority report in favour of withholding the aid of the American Home Missionary Society from churches which recognise slaveholders. The minority of the Committee, including the Chairman, the Rev. Dr. Peters, and five others, that is six out of a committee of fifteen, reported the following resolution:

Resolved, That, in the opinion of this Convention, it is the tendency of the Gospel, wherever it is preached in its purity, to correct all social evils, and destroy sin in all its forms, and that it is the duty of missionary societies to grant aid to churches in slaveholding States in the support of such ministers only as shall endeavour, with simplicity of purpose and by a wise discretion in their ministry, so to preach the Gospel, and commend it to the hearts and consciences of men, that, with the blessing of God, it shall have its full effect in mitigating the oppressions of Slavery and leading to its ultimate abolition.

The reports having been accepted,

Rev. Dr. Peters stated the grounds of his objections to the majority report. He was opposed to the agitation of the subject in this Convention. He did not think they were called upon to make a declaration of faith upon the subject.

Rev. Dr. Blanchard defended the report of the majority, and considered that it was one of the leading objects of the Convention, in the minds of those who called it, to make a declaration upon the subject, and he hoped they would make it.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher thought the Chairman had taken an improper advantage of his position, in bringing forward, so prominently, the views of the minority. He wished to have a declaration upon this subject that would put the churches at rest. Though the resolution of the majority did not exactly suit him, yet he was not willing to send missionaries to churches which admitted slaveholders to their communion.

Rev. Dr. Bacon explained what he understood by the term "Slaveholding Churches." He meant by it those Churches, of which there were many at the South, which had an endowment of slave property for the support of the minister. He was not prepared to take the ground of the majority, and refuse to send ministers and aid to Churches which have not yet become pure upon this subject. Yet he was not exactly satisfied with the resolution of the minority, but was in a state of "betweenity." The question of Slavery had become a political one; and though now the country was comparatively quiet, it would wake up again, and that, perhaps, in three months from this, when the question of the annexation of Cuba came to be considered. He concluded by moving an amendment, to the effect that the preaching of the Gospel was calculated to destroy the works of the Devil, Slavery not excepted, and then in substance adopting the resolution reported by the minority.

Rev. Dr. Patton here moved the previous question, and it was seconded. The Chairman being about to put it, and several of the Fathers wishing to speak, a scene of considerable excitement and disorder ensued, the first which has been manifested during the sittings of the Convention; but it was soon quelled, and

Rev. Dr. Patton proceeded with his remarks. The question before them was, what will be the effect, if this resolution is passed, upon the action of the American Home Missionary Society? It would be just, in his opinion, to go on co-operating with the Presbyterians. The Home Missionary Society had taken the position that they would not commission a slaveholder to preach the Gospel; and he thought it was much the best course for this Convention to leave whole subject in the hands of that Society, to be regulated as they, in their discretion, should see fit. There was no need of making any declaration about the evils of Slavery. He had not words, the English language had not words, and Brother Cox could not make words strong enough to express his abhorrence of Slavery. He was in favour, therefore, of indefinitely postponing the majority report, the minority report, and Dr. Bacon's rhetorical report.

Rev. Mr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, thought it better to adopt one of the reports. Either of them was better than none. The minority were right in insisting that it was the character of men who were sent to the churches to which we were to look, and not to the character of the churches to which they were sent; and, though their report did not exactly suit him, he prefered it to the report of the majority. He took good, sound, stable, Christian ground.

Rev. Mr. Doggett agreed, to some extent, with Mr. Storrs: but he thought the Convention would not have accomplished the object for which they were convened, if they should adjourn without passing something more upon the subject than was proposed in the minority report.

He concluded by moving to lay upon the table the minority report, together with the amendment proposed by Rev. Dr. Bacon, so as to have the majority report before the Convention.

After various motions for the previous question, and for adjournment, it being nearly 6 o'clock,

Mr. Lewis Tappan moved to recommit the whole subject—the Committee to report again to-morrow morning. He believed that a report might be made which would be unanimously adopted.

The motion of Mr. Dogget, after a desultory debate, was voted down, and that of Mr. Tappan carried.

At the next session of the Convention, the subject again came up in order, when the committe on aid to Churches in Slaveholding States reported the following resolution as a substitute for that portion of the report which had been recommitted:

> Resolved, That, in the opinion of this Convention, it is the tendency of the Gospel, wherever it is preached in its purity, to correct all social evils and to destroy sin in all its forms—and that it is the duty of Missionary Societies to grant aid to Churches in Slaveholding States, in support of such ministers only as shall preach the Gospel and inculcate the principles and the application of Gospel discipline—that with the blessing of God, it shall have its full effect in awakening and enlightening the moral sense in regard to Slavery, and in bringing to pass the speedy abolition of that stupendous wrong—and that wherever a minister is not committed so to preach, he should, in accordance with the directions of Christ, in such cases, "depart of that city."

The resolution meeting with general approbation, was adopted without debate.

Should this resolution have its due effect on the Missionaries to slaveholding Churches, there is a very violent probability that that portion of their field of labour will soon be quite free of all labourers on the part of the Missionary Society. If the ministers who are inclined so to preach the Gospel in its purity, but are not permitted, shall not be disposed to "depart out of that city," we fancy the disciples will so far be obedient to the letter of the Resolution as to see that this latter portion of it is faithfully obeyed.

But we are not altogether persuaded that the Missionaries will take it upon themselves to make the application of Christian principle to slaveholding members which the Convention advises. They may, perhaps, plead that it is very well to sit in a comfortable Church in Albany, and resolve the thing should be done, but quite another thing to go into a community of half-savage slaveholders, and do it. Such a plea, of course, is of no force as an argument, as the fact that a duty is a hard one is no reason why it should not be performed; on the contrary, it is generally a strong reason why it should be. It might, nevertheless, be urged with some force in this case, where a delinquent Missionary might retort upon the Convention that the duty which it inculcates as belonging to him, under any circumstances however trying, it shrinks from when brought home to itself. If it be his duty to make the application of Christian teaching to Southern Slaveholding, it is certainly no less the duty of Northern ministers toward Northern Slavecatching. Yet immediately on the passage of this Resolution, say the Minutes:

> Mr. Lewis Tappan then offered a resolution denouncing the Fugitive Slave Law, but, considerable opposition being made to it, the Convention adjourned until 8 o'clock next morning.

And when the morning came, it seems that a considerable portion of the delegates had left "this application" to be made as they could best manage it by others, and "departed out of the city," and

> Mr. Lewis Tappan said that, after consultation with a number of members, he had concluded not to bring up his resolution this morning, although he was of opinion that, if sufficient time, were given for deliberation, a large portion of the Convention would be found to concur in the resolution.

Should a Missionary in Gen. Quattlebum's District, with a howling mob, outside the Church, waiting either for him or his apology, consent to postpone to a more convenient season the application of Christianity to Slavery, we certainly think he might plead in extenuation, the course of Mr. Tappan and of the Congregationalists generally in Convention at Albany. There are other things that should begin at home beside Charity.

The Free Democrats in New York.—The Free Democrats of this city continue to hold their meetings, and are evidently making some impression upon the public mind. Their beginning was a very small one, and made under a good deal of discouragement, but the zeal of a few energetic persons surmounted all obstacles, and the movement has gradually grown in importance and respectability. A ratification meeting was held, a few evenings since, to respond to the Syracuse State Convention, and the following ticket for this city was presented and adopted, as well as a resolution approving the nominations made at Syracuse and Pittsburgh:

Mayor—Dennis Harris, Twelfth ward.
Sheriff—Lewis D. Towsley, Twentieth ward
County Clerk—George W. Rose, Eighteenth ward.
Comptroller—David Marsh, Ninth ward.
City Inspector—Dr. Thomas Ritter, Seventh ward.
Commissioner Repairs and Supplies—B. M. Fowler, Sixteenth ward.
Street Commissioner—Jesse G. Haviland, Eighth ward.
Corporation Counsel—William McDermot, Sixteenth ward.
Coroners—Dr. James Uglow, Dr. Louis Hallock, Dr. Russell T Trall, and William S. King.
For Governor of Alms House—Charles Scheiff
For Congress—3d dist.—Wm. T. Dawley.
4th—Rufus T. Hebberd.
5th—J. S. Joycelyn.
6th—Dr. A. S. Ball.
7th—Andrew Lester.
8th—D. D. T. Marshall.

A letter was read from Judge Jay expressing his regret at being unable to attend the meeting. Addresses were made by several gentlemen, among them Mr. John Jay, and Mr. Tompkins, the candidate for Governor, who are thus reported in the *Herald:*

> Mr. John Jay then briefly addressed the meeting. He said hitherto the movement for freedom had been carried on without the aid of New York. It was high time that this city came out, and the country had a right to expect her assistance In a thousand forms Slavery had cast its dark shadows over the face of the country, and it had almost destroyed a fundamental principle of the constitution that all power should emanate from the people. He then adverted to the Fugitive Slave Law and its administration in the city of New York. The Commissioner was like the Judge who felt that he would be condemned himself if every person brought before him was found guilty. But he was only the puppet of the wire pullers at Washington; Slavery had found its way everywhere, and perverted everything with which it came in contact. It appeared on the bench and even-handed justice was converted into brutal ferocity. It obtruded into the pulpit, and blasphemy, instead of truth, was uttered. To bring back the country from this disgraceful condition, was the work of the Free Democracy.
>
> Hon. M. Tompkins, the Free Soil candidate for Governor, then presented himself, amidst loud cheers. He said the American people acquiesced in the deadly assaults of Congress upon their liberties, and the reason why they did so was, that those assaults were made under the name of Democracy. The blow was inflicted with a democratic dagger, drawn from under a democratic mantle. The Free Soil party were splendidly organized in 1848, and fought a noble fight, but he regretted that organization was now broken up. Where were the leaders of that movement?
>
> A Voice—Gone back, like the sow that was washed, to their wallowing in the mire.
>
> Mr. Tompkins—No, he trusted in God not—they were only paralyzed. He appealed to one especially, who had been a distinguished leader of the Liberty Party. He referred to John Van Buren. He demanded of him to keep the pledge of 1848, that he then ostentatiously made. In that year, addressing an assembly in Faneuil Hall, Mr. Van Buren said: "Gentlemen, I have told you that I oppose the nomination of Cass because it is irregular, and was not made according to the customs and usages of the Democratic party. But I would be wanting in frankness did I not add that, when I find that party abandoning the first principles of civil liberty, recreant to the great principles of human right, I will vote against the nominee of that convention, were I the only man in the Union to do so." In another speech made at Burlington, Vermont, in 1850, Mr. Van Buren declared that the Fugitive Slave Law was unconstitutional, for various reasons assigned by him. Then he (Mr. Tompkins) would ask the gentleman, after the endorsement of that law by the Baltimore convention, and the recognition of it as a finality, if he can find in it no evidence of the abandonment of the great principles of civil liberty. If he could find no such evidence, it struck him (Mr. T.) that the very iron shackle upon the slave's wrist will give no evidence. He would say no more about that individual, because he hoped that the gentlemen, before the day of election, would return to his early love (laughter) He then denounced what he described as the "damnable enactment" of the Fugitive Slave Law. The fourth section authorized kidnapping. He would not make any further remarks on this law, as he could not keep his temper while he thought of it. He hoped they would organize and shout, "Repeal, repeal."
>
> Before the meeting was adjourned, it was announced by the Chairman that Joshua R. Giddings, John P. Hale, and Henry Wilson, would address the Free Democrats of New York, about the 20th of this month.

The Episcopal Church.—If success is the reward of perseverance, it ought, and, we have no doubt, will, eventually, be Mr. John Jay's in his persistent and unswerving efforts to secure in the Episcopal Convention, the recognition of the equality of Coloured Churches. As certainly as the revolving year brings together the Episcopalians in their Annual Convention, so certainly Mr. Jay rises among them, and, unmoved by the sneers of lay-men of high standing, and the opposition of clergymen eminent for piety and influence, reminds the Convention that at the door stands a body of devoted Christians, differing in nothing but complexion from themselves, respectfully asking for admission to ecclesiastical privileges, and for the recognition of their equality before the Lord, as humble members of his fold We do not remember that Mr. Jay has received any efficient aid, except from his father, Judge Jay, from other members of the Convention; but want of it never seems to cool the ardour of his zeal, to render him less watchful of opportunities to press the subject upon the attention of the brethren, or less determined to urge them to the exercise of a plain Christian duty. If we may judge from outward signs alone, he is as far as ever from the attainment of his object. The body of the Convention at its recent session met his appeal with its uniform 'masterly inactivity,' leaving it to one or two weighty members, and the dignified and official injustice of the Chair, to express the supercilious contempt which it entertains for so absurd a proposition, as that the followers of the Carpenter of Nazareth are to be governed, in their ecclesiastical relations, by Christtian principles, and not complexional differences. But the growth of revolution, whether in State, in Church, or in individuals, is not always apparent on the surface, and it is, at least, to be hoped that underneath the apparent stolid indifference of the Episcopalians to the appeals of Mr. Jay, there is lurking some sense of Christian charity, which in due time will make itself apparent.

At the recent Convention, held in this city, Mr. Jay, after being voted down on the direct question, offered the following amendment to Canon IV. "Of the Admission of a Church into Union with the Church of this Diocese"

> Sect. III. No church, applying for admission, which shall have been found duly incorporated as above provided, shall be refused admission into union with the Convention of this Diocese, on account of the race, lineage, colour or complexion, of the congregation so applying, or any part thereof, or of the minister presiding over the same, nor on account of any social or political disqualifications of any kind whatsoever, that may attach or may be supposed to attach to them without the church; and all churches admitted into union with the said Convention, shall be admitted—without any condition or disqualification establishing or recognising caste in the church—upon a footing of Catholic Equality and Christian Brotherhood

This, at first, was supposed to lie over, under the rule, till the next Annual Convention, and was so announced in the published reports. We observe, however, that at a subsequent session this was decided as out of order, as it was probably thought best to dispose of it at once. Those animated by the hope that such a course will stave off the question, flatter themselves by a vain delusion. Mr. Jay may be baffled for a session by the want of a particular resolution, but is not defeated. Mordecai, we think, will be found in the king's gate still.

Mr. Beecher and Dr. Parker.—We hardly need commend to our readers the very able and interesting statement of Henry Ward Beecher, in reply to the *New York Observer*, with which we fill a large portion of our this week's issue. Mr. Beecher's reputation and the circumstances of the case insure his reply a perusal among thousands of readers who care nothing for the bearing it has upon Anti-Slavery.

We can hardly conceive of any candid mind not being perfectly satisfied that the course of Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Stowe has been throughout the whole controversy magnanimous, and forbearing, and in striking contrast to the conduct of the man who was quite willing to rest under the imputation of holding detestable and unchristian sentiments, so long as they were thought to be popular; nor can we conceive of any honest mind believing, in the light of this statement, that Mr. Beecher's publication of the correspondence was any thing else but perfectly honest and straight forward, and from the best motives, on his part. We can not help regretting, however, that he should have so far taken it for granted that he was dealing with a Christian and a gentleman as to have published any thing without having first procured Dr. Parker's signature, and have thus guarded against any future Jesuitism. There are men whose word is as good as their bond; there are other men whose word is good for nothing without a bond. It is Mr. Beecher's misfortune that he did not remember the distinction.

There is in the correspondence one mistake, which Mr. Beecher corrects in a letter to the *Tribune*, which follows:

MISTAKE CORRECTED.

> *To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.*
>
> I am informed by Mrs. Stowe that a mistake exists in the *last* letter, of hers, in the published correspondence between her and Dr. Parker, in *The Independent* of Oct, 7, and also in *The New York Observer*. The whole passage following should be left out:
>
> "My Dear Sir: There are some few things in this matter, that you know perfectly well, for I *know* that you were satisfied of them at the time we had our interview. In the first place, that the remark as published, was published in no personal unkindness whatever—that it was published as a sentiment to be replied to in a dramatic argument, for everybody knows that that is the character of the article. And your name was given, simply as the name of a leading man who was known to have publicly advanced that sentiment. I had no possible means of knowing that the sentiment was not yours, and the very strongest evidence for believing that it was, since you had allowed it in silence to become a historical document. You know, and I know, that you have used language which when placed side by side with what I quoted, is such that not one man in ten can be made to see any difference. I *know* this, because I have tried earnestly and sincerely to explain to sensible men what you did mean by the language which you admit that you used, and it has failed to produce any impression on them except this, that it is a jesuitical construction of language, by which either of two opposite assertions can be claimed as the writer's sentiments according to emergencies.
>
> "I can still publish the facts of the case just as I wrote them—*first*, what you did *not* say; *second*, what you *did* say; *third*, the evidence that you know the construction which the world was putting upon your language, and yet you did not contradict it. But I certainly think that the whole matter is in a more creditable form to you now than if I should do so.
>
> "I have done what I consider to be perfectly honourable and fair to remove an imputation for which you have given too much occasion.
>
> "You know perfectly well, Mr Parker, for I told you frankly, that I did not consider myself to have acted wrong in this matter, but simply to have fallen into a mistake, which your silence rendered unavoidable, and I consider myself to have said all that you can possibly expect from me under the circumstances."
>
> Mrs. Stowe gives the following explanation of the way in which the mistake occurred, and, although the letter is meant for *me*, and too colloquial, I prefer giving the correction in Mrs. Stowe's language:
>
> "In your expose, my last letter to Dr. Parker has one mistake, which occurred in this way; Mrs. Hooker copied it for me, and Mr Stowe looked it over in the copy which was sent to Dr. Parker. He desired me to have the enclosed omitted, as he feared it might only tend to produce unpleasant feeling and *do no good*. Isabella omitted them in the copy *sent to him*, and I supposed erased them from my copy. Never expecting to have them published, I did not notice it very particularly. When you telegraphed for the papers, I was in Brunswick; I started next morning for Andover, where the papers were; got there about half-past one; had only a few moments to collect the papers, and be off in the cars (for Boston) at two o'clock and put them into the afternoon mail. I had no time to revise them; this accounts for the mistake. Perhaps, you had better, in this way, make this correction immediately."
>
> This letter appears in the published correspondence in *The New York Observer* just as it was in *The Independent*. The reason is, that Dr. Parker having mislaid his copy of the letter, applied to me for it, and was furnished with it just as it had been sent to me. By publishing this you will perhaps save some misapprehension.
>
> Henry Ward Beecher.

Obeying the Higher Law.—The *Painesville Telegraph*, of the 23d ultimo, relates an incident which occurred in that village on the previous Sunday, very indicative of the spirit that is abroad, and is growing daily stronger, in regard to the Fugitive Slave Law. In such a community as that of Painesville it will be difficult to suppress agitation by a Resolution of a Baltimore Convention. We give the story in the words of the *Telegraph*:

> Last Sabbath in Rev. Mr. Gillet's Church (Presbyterian) in this village, the Rev. Mr. Smith, at the conclusion of his afternoon sermon, announced to his audience, that five fugitive slaves, including a mother and her two children only five weeks old, had just arrived in town, on their way to Canada, and that they were destitute of means to complete their journey. He solicited a contribution for their benefit, *notifying the congregation that whoever gave would render himself liable to the penalties of the Fugitive Slave Law.* He then inquired who would commence the violation of this law by passing round the congregation to receive contributions. In response to this call a multitude of persons arose, and among them, we noticed Dea. Uri Seeley, Dea. Holbrook, Judge Bissell and Judge Harris. Thirty dollars was immediately raised, and among the contributors we observed our United States Senator, the Hon. S. P. Chase, Hon. E. S. Hamlin, of Columbus, Edward Wade, the Free Soil candidate for Congress in this district (who were present), also our fellow-townsman, the Hon. Reuben Hitchcock, one of the Judges of the District Court. Heartless politicians and "*lower law*" priests will soon learn that there is a higher law than man-enslaving, woman-whipping, baby-stealing and God-defying enactments.

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CXII.

The Argument.—*The Correspondent doubteth and philosophizeth—He querieth—What he knoweth and what he knoweth not—He congratulateth on the certainty of Mr. Webster's Election—He describeth the Flags—He questioneth as to Jenkins—He repudiateth the Mythical theory—He enjoineth secresy—He is pomological—He lamenteth over Divisions—And rebuketh Eleventh Hour Men—His opinion on the competition between Messrs. Curtis, and Winslow—And on What Mr. Curtis must be content with—Mr. Catch'em, Mr. Denison, his Ten dollars, and Mr. Williams—Insanity of the other parties—The Correspondent concludeth by mourning over the wickedness of the Age, &c., &., &c.*

Boston, Oct. 11th, 1852.

I should be disheartened on setting down to write to you this morning by the perfect barrenness of the last fortnight in subject-matters for an Epistle, were it not that I have so often sat down in equal doubt as to what I *could* find to say, and yet, somehow or another, the necessary number of paragraphs were made out. What is the reason that the mere circumstance of taking a pen in one's hand seems to create ideas where there were none before? Is there any magic in that Stygian fluid—that main ingredient in the incantations of the Black (though Gentle) Art—by men called Ink, that can call spirits from the vasty deep of an empty brain? Or is there any virtue in the pointed metallic conductors invented by the immortal Gillott to convey the flash of thought from the unseen regions of the mind, and make it plough its furrow upon the harmless paper? I know not. But every one who has tried knows that it is so, whether he can explain it or not. But though I do not know this particular thing, I *do* know another very particular thing, and that is, that his speculation has proved itself to this extent, that it has furnished me with my first paragraph—which was, indeed, the only object I had in introducing it.

You will be happy to hear that the prospects of Mr. Webster's election are daily growing brighter. His friends were at first apprehensive that, in consequence of the Scott *Sizzle* (as we elegantly vary the description of a Bolting Nomination), the Election would be brought into the House of Representatives. *There*, indeed, we were sure of success, from the great strength our favourite candidate has in the South. We were sure that the pledges which produced the Great Seventh of March Speech would then be joyfully fulfilled. But we are now encouraged to believe, from the assurances of our Organ, the *Bee*,

"Which gathers honey every day,
From every opening flower,"

that Mr. Webster's Strength in the Country "is so great as to ensure his triumphal march to the White House on the shoulders of a grateful nation." This is, of course, much more gratifying to us than a mere Election by the House would be. We have, on the strength of these hopes, invested a considerable sum of money in our Country's Flags, which wave across as many as two or three streets, upbearing the glorious names of WEBSTER AND JENKINS!! (By the way, who the dogs *is* Jenkins? Is there really such a man? Some scoffers, hereabouts, pretend to believe that Jenkins is *a Myth*, a sort of fabulous animal, owing its existence to the fervid imaginations of the admirers of our glorious Candidate. But this must go no farther, as it might make mischief should such a rumour get abroad on the eve of the Election.)

I am sorry to say, however, that there is not that unanimity in our ranks that we could desire. Discord has tossed her Apple (as big as a Pumpkin Sweeting) in among us. As has always been the case with other parties, as soon as our success has been assured, in come the Eleventh Hour Men to claim the rewards which the Peep of Day boys only are entitled to. There is Mr. George F. Curtis, for example, who has been holding off all this time, who came out last week at our Faneuil Hall Meeting, in the expectation, as is confidently believed, of wresting the Secretaryship of State from the long-deserving hands of Mr. Hubbard Winslow! But we do not intend to submit to this invasion of Vested Rights without a strong Protest. We are willing to accord to him the Attorney-Generalship, in consideration of the well-earned fame which he acquired by his admirable Constitutional Opinion in the Sims' Case. But he must not look to the Premiership. Mr. Winslow has the advantage of him in the matter of experience, too. For can he not bring a character from his last place (in Bowdoin street) of having already been a *Prime* Minister? If Mr. Curtis is not satisfied with this situation, we will give him the alternative of the Mission to France to convey the felicitations of the next President to the admirable Louis Napoleon on the success of the *Coup d' Etat* of the Second of December. Congratulations which will be the more gratifying from the analogies which must be obvious to all (*after Mr. Webster's Election*) between those two great men.

Then there is Mr. *Hire'em Catch'em*, of your City, who is putting *his* finger into our pie, too, in hopes, no doubt, of a thumping slice! But all he can expect will be the Marshalship of your District. It may not satisfy his ambition, but it must gratify his taste—inasmuch as all the hunting of *niggers* over that excellent preserve will fall to his share We have felt great regret, as our hopes have been growing into certainties, to think that that early and gallant champion of our cause, the Rev. Charles W. Denison, should have carried the weight of his personal character and the force of his gigantic intellect over to the ranks of Pierce and King—to say nothing of the *ten dollars* he gave to the Granite Club. I can assure you we should have found that Ten Dollars very convenient more than once during the Campaign. We have made overtures to him to return again to us. It may be premature; but I will hint to you, in strict confidence, that we have offered him a Full Mission to Lobos, as an inducement. As he has been, in times past, very active in the Missionary Cause, we trust that this inducement may prove an Effectual Call. I noticed in your paper, sometime since, an intimation that we had shown ourselves ungrateful to our father—perhaps I might say our Grandfather—in this movement, Mr. Henry Williams I cannot deny the impeachment: It is too true that he has been shouldered aside by younger, though not better, soldiers; but is not this the fate of the Benefactors of Mankind, generally? He must console himself by the contemplation of the countless multitude of Presidential candidates that have been shoved aside to make way for our own Webster and Jenkins. He must be content with having made Mr. Webster President, and with the consciousness that the country will owe the blessings of his Administration primarily to him.

You will scarcely believe me when I say that, in spite of all I have been telling you, the Whigs and Democrats have the insane folly to pretend that one or the other of their candidates will be chosen! The *Atlas*, on the one hand, and the *Post*, on the other, brag all the same as if there was no WEBSTER and JENKINS in the field. I think it must be admitted, after this, that the infatuation of politicians must be as boundless as the sea, or their assurance as deep as the same. The Whigs in this State are very confident of carrying it as against the Coalition. The probability of such an event is increased by the growing patriotism of the Democrats, a portion of whom have split off from their party on *National* (i. e. *pro-slavery*) grounds. The whole State boils like a pot, such is the multitude of *Sizzles*. The Geysers in Iceland are not a circumstance to them. I could go on, now that I have begun (a full proof of the truth of the theory of my first paragraph), and tell some funny things on this head. But I have accomplished my tale of paragraphs—and a *tale*, let me tell you, that you would not have heard from anybody but me (and the *Bee*)—so much, as Fallstaff truly observes, "is this world given to lying!"

D. Y.

RESOLUTIONS AT THE JERRY RESCUE CELEBRATION—PROTEST.

Syracuse, Oct. 12, 1852.

Editor Anti-Slavery Standard—*Sir:* In your paper of the 7th instant, I find an account of the Jerry Rescue Celebration, in some respects correct, and in some not. As to that I have nothing to say. My object in writing now, is to ask you to publish my protest against the *Ninth* Resolution, as published in your paper. I ask this because my name appears as one of the Secretaries, and because I was one of the Business Committee, though not published as such in your paper, and because, in Committee, I protested utterly against the resolutions. My obligations to it are twofold. First, because it is not true; and, Secondly, because it is at war with the logical, clear and true platform embodied in the first eight resolutions, drawn by Gerrit Smith, and adopted as drawn by him, with the exception of about two words—one of the changes improving, the other marring decidedly the clear and logical work of his hands. And for another reason, I ask you to insert this protest. I am notified to be in Albany, on Tuesday morning of next week, at 10 o'clock, A. M, to be tried on an indictment for alleged aid in the rescue of the man Jerry, which glorious event we celebrated at Syracuse. Now, I repudiate the idea that the considerations put forth in that Ninth resolution form a justification for that act. I cannot consent to stand before my fellow-countrymen on any such ground. I trample the Fugitive Law under foot, because it is Piracy, and for no other reason. I do not even stop to enquire whether the Piracy is endorsed by or embodied in the Constitution. To make a man a slave, is Piracy; and in attempting or commanding it, our Government is an outlaw—is clearly, distinctly, beyond the pale of law, is brigand in its character, and is to be regarded, in all respects, as every other form of Free-booting, of Marauding, and of Piracy, is regarded, wherever men pretend to talk of Right and Wrong as distinctions. My doctrine is, that in the man Jerry are and were concentrated all the rights of the human family; that the Rights of any one man are equal to the Rights of any other man; that they are incapable of multiplication; and that, therefore, the rights of the man Jerry were equal to the Rights of all the people of the United States. Now, for others to combine, to deprive Jerry of those Equal Rights—or rather, of their exercise—by force, is Piratical: it is, essentially, and "*per se*," Piracy. Now, am I called on to say that Piracy cannot be Law? Surely not. Then I did not break any Law, on the First of October, 1851, in the matter of the man Jerry. If you will look again at the first Eight Resolutions, you will find a complete platform on this point; the platform on which the men indicted for the Rescue of Jerry stand, and on which those who justify that Rescue, must stand. I am a law-loving and a law-abiding man, and therefore I cannot stand on the other platform erected by the Ninth Resolution, which is utterly, distinctly, and irreconcileably contradictory to the first Eight resolutions. The Ninth is in these words:

> 9. Resolved, That our oaths to support the Federal Constitution, no less than our higher and holier obligations to be true to the Constitution of our Common Humanity, and obedient to the laws of God, require that we should set at naught an enactment which despotically suspends "the writ of Habeas Corpus," withholds "the trial by jury" in the most momentous of all cases that can arise between man and man, and peremptorily forbids, under heavy pains and penalties, the free exercise of the vital principles of religion. These rights, sacredly and jealously guarded and guaranteed, as well by the letter of the American Constitution as by the spirit of the age that gave it birth, are all outraged by the Act of September 18th, 1851—and therefore that Act should be regarded and treated by every true man *as no law*, but as a despotic decree, which we should despise and trample upon, come what may to our property or our lives.

Now, so far from the glaring and disgraceful violations of the Constitution, by the Fugitive Act, constituting, in my mind, a reason why I would resist it, I would as soon resist it if it were contained, from beginning to end, letter for letter, and comma for comma, in the Constitution. Indeed, if the Constitution authorizes the rendition of Fugitives by Congress at all, I must insist that the Fugitive Act is Constitutional; for, in that event, the Constitution authorizes a Piratical Act, and there is nothing in the Fugitive Act inconsistent with Piracy, or which can fairly be declared not to be "necessary and proper" to carry a system of Piracy into effect. What do I care for Habeas Corpus and Trial by Jury, in this matter! I care just as much as I did, during the "Reign of Terror," in Syracuse, in October, 1851, whether I was to be hung by a cord of silk or by a cord of hemp. The thought never entered my head. The hanging was the point with me. And it is true that so rampant were the powers of hell for a few days after the Rescue of Jerry, with "Treason" as the key-note of Millard Fillmore and Daniel Webster, echoed by every government official from the *Washington Republic* down to tide-waiters, that, for a few days, I supposed my only chance to escape a hanging was, that there would be so "many there to see," it might become inconvenient to do the job when the hour appointed arrived Do you suppose I thought of the former—of the texture of the rope, or of the pay of the Judge who condemned me, or of the Marshal who cut the fatal cord? Not at all. It was the execution that I alone looked at. So here. It is the execution of the immortal mind—it is the horrible blasphemy by which the "image of God," made "a little lower than the angels," is to be defaced and made a beast. It does not make any difference how it is done, or by whom it is done, so long as it is done. The deep damnation is in the doing. It is against that we rebel. To further illustrate my views on this point, allow me to quote a few lines from an article by me for another journal, and which will be published on Wednesday of this week. I therein say:

Men who belong to Pro-Slavery Organizations give those Organizations respectability. Charles Sumner does more for the respectability of Slavery than a Regiment of such men as Rhett, Mangum, Berrien, Polk, Stanly, Gentry, Clemens, &c. &c. Why? He denounces some of the outrages which are incident to Slavery, and at the same time admits that there can be Law for Slavery. This admission, from one who denounces some of the peculiar outrages of the System, is fatal. But the claim, from those who defend these incidental outrages, carries its own antidote with it. It is not the ten dollar bribe—it is note the "summary proceeding"—it is not the bounty on false testimony—it is not the denial of Habeas Corpus—it is not the denial of trial by jury—it is not the pains and penalties of the Act—which make the Fugitive Slave Bill a Piracy. It is the simple fact that it proposes to make of a man a beast—a chattel—a thing. With all these struck out—with trial by jury—it would be Piracy, and nothing but Piracy.

Such, my dear Sir, is the ground on which I stand as a Defendant on this indictment. You must not blame me for being sensitive on this point. I have the most sacred veneration for law. I believe in the association of the People for purposes of Government, and in a peaceful submission to the will of the majority in all cases within its jurisdiction. But it is no more within the jurisdiction of Government to say that you may own me than it is to say I shall pray three times a day. The moment the Government attempts either, it is an outlaw, and cannot be obeyed. Moreover, I believe that "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." Jerry was never even asked to consent to an act by which he could be dragged from his cheerful work in a barrel shop in Syracuse, to a dreary farm in Missouri, or to a still more desolate fate, to a sugar or a rice plantation. Not at all. Much less did he even consent to such an arrangement. So the "Government" had no "just power" to act in the premises. In making Jerry an outlaw, it logically made itself an outlaw.

You will excuse me for saying so much. Your readers can bear me witness that I leave your space for abler as well as better men. But, under the circumstances, I do ask the favour that you insert this week, and oblige your friend,

W. L. Crandal

Miscellaneous News.

The New Postage Law—Reduction on Newspapers.—The Postage Law went into operation on the 1st inst. One of the best of its porvisions is that which reduces the postage on newspapers, both transient and those sent from the office of publication. The law provides as follows:

TRANSIENT—PREPAID.

Newspapers, periodicals, &c., when sent to any part of the United States, 3 oz., or under, 1 cent. Each additional oz., 1 cent. Over 15 and not over 16 oz., 14 cents.

Newspapers when circulated in the State where published, ½ cent.

Small newspapers, and small pamphlets, sent in single packages to one address—When weighing 8 oz., 4 cts. Over 15 and under 16 oz., 8 cts.

Books, under 3,000 miles, not weighing over 4 lbs., 1 to 16 cts. under 16 ounces.

QUARTERLY RATES.

	Daily.	Six times a week.	Tri-weekly.	Semi-Weekly.	Weekly.	Semi-Monthly.	Monthly.
	Cents.	Cents.	Cents.	Cents.	Cents.	Cents.	Cents.
Weekly newspapers (only copy only) sent to subscribers within the County	......	......	......	......	Free.	......	......
Newspapers and periodicals, not exceeding 1½ ounces, when circulated in the State where published,	22½	19½	9¾	6½	3¼	1½	¾
Newspapers and periodicals, of the weight of 3 ounces and under, sent to any part of the United States,	45½	39	19½	13	6½	3	1½
Over 3 and not over 4 ounces	91	78	39	26	13	6	3
Over 4 and not over 5 ounces	1 36½	1 17	58½	39	19½	9	4½
Over 5 and not over 6 ounces	1 82	1 56	78	52	26	12	6
Over 6 and not over 7 ounces	2 27½	1 95	97½	65	32½	15	7½
Over 7 and not over 8 ounces	2 73	2 34	1 17	78	39	18	9

George W. Julian is speaking in Kentucky with Cassius M. Clay. They denounce both the Whig and Democratic candidates and platforms, because of their support of the Fugitive Slave law.

Kidnapping—Abram M. Weaver.—This notorious individual, we learn, was tried for kidnapping, at the recent term of the Superior Court of Surry County—Judge Ellis presiding. He was found guilty, and condemned to be hung on the first Friday in October; but appealed to the Supreme Court. We understand it was in evidence that in the Spring of 1848 Weaver induced a free negro, Jim Corn, to go with him from Stokes County, over the mountains into Virginia, on a trip to sell guns; that they stopped at the house of one Lowder, in Burke's Garden, soon after which the prisoner, Weaver, sold the said free negro into bondage, who was carried to Louisville, Kentucky, where the negro sued for and obtained his freedom.—*Greensboro'* (N. C.) *Patriot.*

Important Facts for Voters.—(*Gathered from Hawthorne's Life of Pierce.*)—1. "He [Pierce] was a beautiful boy, with blue eyes, light curling hair, and a sweet expression of face."

2. In the year 1820 he had "a fair complexion, with light hair that had a curl in it."

3. His chum was Zenas Caldwell.

4. He was chairman of the standing committee of the Athenæum Society of Bowdoin College!

5. His chief friend was named Little.

6. On his return from Mexico he "*darted*" across the street to shake hands with a man who used to live with his father.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

Father Lamson.—On Sunday this venerable man addressed a large crowd upon the steps of the Custom House. He was assisted by Daniel Pratt Jr., Mrs. Abby Folsom, and others. In the afternoon the crowd became quite large, and "the word preached seemed not to profit them," probably "not being mixed with faith in them that heard it." This state of things becoming manifest, and the tumult increasing, the police interfered and endeavoured to dissuade the orators to desist. Father Lamson declared that he should be false to his high trust to do so; that he would submit to no authority unless it came from Heaven. The officers then seized him, and attempted to drag him away, but he instantly dropped down, and they were obliged to raise him on their shoulders and carry him off. On arriving at the lock-up, he said to those who favoured him with a gratuitous ride: "Friends, I should have preferred a ride upon a horse, but, verily, ye have brought me up on the shoulders of four jackasses." As soon as the crowd dispersed the old patriarch was liberated, and went his way in company with Mrs. Folsom, who endeavoured to console him under his afflictions.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

The Fugitive Slave Case.—Judges Murray and Anderson yesterday rendered the decision of the Supreme Court in the matter of the three slaves, whose case has been under deliberation by this Court for some time past. Their names are Carter Perkins, Robert Perkins and Sandy Jones. Mr. C. S. Perkins, of Bolivar County, Mississippi, is the claimant, and arrived here in October, 1849, with the first named slaves. The other two arrived here afterward. They have been at work in the mines until the 31st of May last when they were arrested at Ophin, Placer County, by the Sheriff of that County on the complaint of Mr. Perkins, who seeks to re-convey them to Mississippi, under the provisions of the act of the Legislature "respecting fugitives from labour and slaves brought to this State prior to her admission into the Union," passed April 15, 1852.

They were taken thence to Sacramento City, and before Judge B. D. Fry, Justice of the Peace, where proof was adduced of their being the property of Mr. Perkins, and they were ordered into his custody. They then sought for a release, under writ of *habeas corpus*, before Judge Aldrich, of the District Court of that Judicial District, who held that they were legally restrained of their liberty, and remanded them into custody. Mr. Perkins then brought them down here for the purpose of putting them on a steamer, when they obtained from Judge Wells, then holding a temporary appointment as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, a second writ of *habeas corpus*, which brought their case before that tribunal.

The case was argued there a month since by Messrs. E. Norton, C. Cole and H. S. Brown, on behalf of the slaves, and by Judge Todd Robinson for the master. Judge Wells's term having expired by reason of the return of Judge Heydenfeldt, the decision of the case was left in the hands of Judges Murray and Anderson, each of whom delivered opinions coming to the same conclusion. Both of the opinions are very lengthy, and are devoted exclusively to the decision of the constitutionality of the law of the Legislature, and both Justices concur in the opinion, that the law is constitutional and valid. An order was accordingly made that the negroes be re-delivered into the custody of the claimant.—*Alta Cal. Aug.* 31.

Swedish Bread.—The Boston *Journal* says: We have before us a specimen of the bread upon which the emigrants who have recently arrived at this port from Sweden mainly subsisted during the passage. It is made of rye, and is black and uninviting in appearance. It is nevertheless sweet, and is probably a very healthy food, especially for dyspeptics. There are few Americans, however, who would not prefer a nice wheaten loaf, or even a generous slice of Yankee brown bread, to the dry, tough, and hard Swedish bread. The bread now before us was probably baked especially for a sea voyage, being hard like ship biscuit, but it does not differ materially in other respects from the common bread of the country, of which we find the following description in a letter from Sweden, published in the *Springfield Republican.*

> "Black bread is the universal food of the people, and out of Stockholm it is a chance if you find any other ready, when you arrive, though in many places a sort of white, somewhat sweetish bread will be procured for you in half an hour or so. Even at some of the hotels where you find egg cups and various other little things which indicate a considerable progress in civilization, only this black bread is to be procured. But even this is not at all like what we usually understand by black bread. It is a curious blackish brown composition, bearing some resemblance to the Scotch oat-meal cake, but to me much less palatable, which is baked in large round cakes a couple of feet in diameter, and about the thickness of a soda biscuit, and has in or near the centre, a hole for convenience of carriage. These cakes are of course brittle; in fact more crackers than bread."

☞ NINETEENTH ☜
NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

To be held in Boston, Mass., during the Christmas Week of 1852.

The Managers of the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar feel it unnecessary, on the present occasion, to enter upon any full or detailed exposition of their principles or objects. These have been avowed and pursued for so many years, and with so much publicity, as to render such a procedure superfluous. We would not, at the same time, lose sight of the great fact, that there may be many among us, whose consciences and hearts have been but recently aroused to a sense of the importance of this great question, who, though *feeling* much, may be *doing* little, and who would gladly welcome a medium by which their exertions will be made effective toward the overthrow of American Slavery. To such, we would submit the very briefest outline of our principles and aim.

We regard the idea of property in man as unparalelled, whether considered in respect to its atrocity or absurdity—consequently, that all legislation based thereon is in the highest degree criminal. Any other doctrine outrages every intellectual perception and every human instinct.

Considering the above a self-evident proposition, underlying all religion and all morality, apart from whose recognition the words right, justice, become meaningless, we esteem its opponents, whether slaveholders or the apologists of slaveholding, as implicated in guilt of the most fearful description, both against that God 'who has made of one blood all nations of men,' and against their fellow-men generally, the rights of all being perilled by the enslavement of any.

The promulgation of this doctrine is the end and aim of our association. By its presentation to individual hearts and consciences the country through, we would arouse so deep a spirit of personal repentance and self-sacrifice as shall result in a national contrition and reformation. When this is accomplished, the American slave is free. No obstacles exist now, save those that ambition, and avarice, and cruelty, and kindred vices supply. When the heart of the nation becomes repentant, we may easily trust it to find the best modes of action for the accomplishment of its will. To this result, and this only, our funds are devoted. We have nothing to do with creeds or parties, with political enginery or theological warfare. In the name of the common Father of all, and in behalf, of humanity, in its most suffering and outraged form, we appeal for help to all of every class, creed, clime or nation. Great as is the work, few and humble as are the labourers, we feel exonerated from all charge of presumption or folly as respects its undertaking. We are working in harmony with agencies vast as inscrutable, and it is not for us to draw back from this field of moral conflict, because to human vision the contending parties are so unequally matched.

We entreat that this appeal may be considered a personal one to all whose eyes it shall reach. We conjure you, the dwellers throughout this broad country, to recognise an individual responsibility in this matter. Look beyond the petty emotions and interests of a merely mundane or conventional life, and ask, if the question of *your* duty to three millions of slaves was not settled for you, by the fact that your birthplace was the United States. This cause has claims on all, but in an especial manner on those who by the very circumstance of position, must be, if not its opponents, its abettors. We ask your sympathy, your money, your time and influence, and proffer a medium through which all may be successfully employed. Any information necessary to individuals or associations desiring to co-operate with us, may be obtained by application to any member of the undersigned Committee.

Donations of money, or articles or materials for manufacture, may be sent to any member of the Committee, directed to the Anti-Slavery Office, 21 Cornhill, Boston, 142 Nassau street, New York, or to 31 North Fifth street Philadelphia. Donations for the publication of the Liberty Bell, and communications for the same, may be addressed to A. W. Weston, Weymouth, Mass.

Anne Warren Weston,
Ann Greene Phillips,
Louisa Loring,
Helen E. Garrison,
Catherine Sargent,
Henrietta Sargent,
Mary Gray Chapman,
Mary May,
Sarah R. May,
Caroline F. Williams,
Francis Mary Robbins,
Maria W Chapman,
Caroline Weston,
Eliza L. Follen,
Susan C. Cabot,
Elizabeth A. Cotton,
Lydia Parker,
Evelina A. S. Smith,
Sarah Shaw Russel,
Maria Lowell,
Thankful Southwick,
Sarah H. Southwick,
Ann R. Bramhall,
Hannah Tufts,
Sarah B. Shaw,
Elizabeth Gay,
Mary Willey,
Abby Francis,
Charlotte S. Sargent,
Eliza F. Eddy,
Mary H. Jackson.

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

The time has arrived for the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society to summon its members and friends to its Fifteenth Annual Meeting. Notice is therefore given that that meeting will be held in the Horticultural Hall, in West Chester, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the 25th, 26th and 27th of the present month, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

It can hardly be necessary for the Committee to present in formal array the reasons which, in their judgment, ought to secure a full meeting of the Society the present year. Those reasons will naturally suggest themselves to every earnest friend of the cause. Experience has taught us that these annual convocations, if not indispensable to the life of the Society, are invaluable for the opportunities they afford for a re-examination of fundamental principles, for a survey of the past history and present condition of the cause, for a free interchange of opinions as to the best mode of carrying it forward, and last, but not least, for the facilities they present for the cultivation of those fraternal sympathies which bind us to each other and to the race, and prompt us to labour as individuals and as a Society for the deliverance of those who are enslaved.

The cloud which hung over our pathway at the time of our last Annual Meeting, threatening us with the traitor's doom as the penalty for aiding the bondman in his flight, has happily passed away; but the Fugitive Slave Law, which our rulers thus vainly attempted to make the instrument for reviving the odious doctrine of Constructive Treason, is still in force, and the two great political parties of the country tell us that it is and shall be, in connection with the other measures of 'compromise' passed by the Thirty-first Congress, an irrepealable 'finality'—a settlement, now and forever, of the whole question of Slavery as pertaining to the States of this Union. And those parties have pledged themselves to each other and the country, the one to "resist all attempts 'at reviving, in Congress or out of it, the agitation of the 'Slavery question, under whatever shape or colour the at'tempt may be made," and the other to "discountenance all 'efforts to continue or renew such agitation, whenever, wher'ever, or however made."

In such circumstances, when the leading politicians of the country avow their purpose, in behalf of Slavery, to nullify the Liberty of Speech and the Press, it is fitting that we should come together to consider our responsibilities, and to decide whether we will cease to plead the cause of the oppressed, or lift up our voices more earnestly than ever in their behalf. In the din and turmoil of a Presidential canvass, while the political parties are spending their money and taxing their energies to secure the emoluments of office, it becomes us to show to the world that in a cause appealing to all that is noble and godlike in human nature, and which has in view the deliverance of millions of our fellow-countrymen from chains and Slavery, we are not deficient in zeal nor wanting in the high resolve, the inflexible spirit, the calm trust in God, which, in the face of every danger and in spite of every obstacle, presses on to victory.

To friends of the cause in other States we extend a cordial invitation to meet with us and aid us by their counsel and cooperation.

James Mott, *President.*

J. M. McKim, *Cor. Sec.*

Conventions in Northampton and Springfield.

An Anti-Slavery Convention will be held in Northampton, on Sunday, Oct. 17, and another in Springfield, on Wednesday, Oct. 20—both Conventions to be attended by Wendell Phillips and Wm. Lloyd Garrison. Further particulars hereafter.

Notice.

G. B. Stebbins, an agent of The American Anti-Slavery Society, will lecture in Allegheny, Cattaraugus, and Chatauque Counties for several ensuing weeks. Those wishing to secure him for any particular locality can address him for the present at Friendship, Allegheny County.

Christiana Rescue Trials.

A HISTORY of the Trial of Castner Hanway and others for Treason; with an introduction upon the History of the Slave Question—a pamphlet of 86 pp. For sale at this Office—25 cts.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN — For sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, 142 Nassau Street, New York.

Miscellaneous Department.

MORE WORK FOR THE LADIES.

HAVING given a useful hint, by the instance of the female dentist, to those of our countrywomen who are deficient in pocket-money to exactly the same degree in which they are overburdened with leisure, I now add a few more like examples which have fallen in our way as we moved along our road.

In all French towns where any respectable concourse or transit of strangers is going on, there, a deadly rivalry, a fierce opposition of Daguerreotypists exists. It is not the two of a trade who cannot agree, it is a good half-dozen hungry hunters after the heads of man, woman, or child, who, in defiance of their opponents, stick upon their staring collection of trophies the motto, "No connection with the Daguerreotyper over the way." It is supposed, as of course, that every tourist passing through every one of these towns must be taken; and the tug of war is, who shall take him, and add the newly arrived head to the previously decapitated victims.

As I never had been done—in this way—and as it was hopeless to run the gauntlet through the horde of Daguerreotypists with the least chance of escape, I looked out for the most generous enemy to whom to surrender as prisoner, in the hope of being dealt with on the most merciful terms of portrait-painting warfare. Among the hostile chiefs was a female warrior; and I beg to hand you her card, with an assurance that she operates upon her patients with the utmost humanity:

"Mademoiselle Lebour, Painter in Daguerreotype, Pupil of M. Sabatier, of the Palais National at Paris, is at this time stopping at (wherever she may happen to be). If required, she Daguerreotypes ladies and gentlemen at their own houses."

I went, and was received by two ladies, one about twenty-five, the other perhaps fifty years of age. They had been doing some other people: a pretty, costumed, fish-woman, with her baby; a family party of English folks—for when you want a large dish of heads to be served, it only costs a trifle per head extra on the original plate. A middle-aged French officer had just descended from the *sanctum* in a pleasing state of expectancy as to how his weather-beaten face would look upon the smooth silver ground. The ladies pursued their vocation like workmen; in and out at their dark closet, polishing the metallic panels for their portraits, handling their secret pickles, preserves, and pigments, giving a suggestion as to arrangement of dress, and chattering merrily on the gossip of the day.

They spoke no English, and some of their sitters spoke no French, which was awkward. From the table, on which specimen heads were lying, I picked up a scrap of paper, which I took for a talisman, or charm—as it was—to get over that difficulty. It was inscribed with short sentences, alternately in French and Magician's jargon. The jargon I leave unaltered, replacing the French by English; thus:

> "*Quip your 'ed strait.*
> Keep your head straight.
> *Oui must bi gain et gain.*
> We must begin again.
> *Oh! peigne hieure haies.*
> Open your eyes;"

and so forth, unintelligible as *abracadabra*. Then came my turn to proceed to the mysterious apartment. With a fluttering heart I took a final glance at the looking-glass, and accompanied the ladies.

"It feels very much like going to have a tooth drawn," said I.

"You would have thought so, if you had been here the other day," replied the elder *artiste*. "An English lady became quite nervous when she sat down in the chair, and as soon as it was all over she burst into tears, and threw herself into her husband's arms."

"The chair does look formidable with that head-rest fixed to its back, and might be taken for a milder mode of garroting criminals. Will that do, ladies?" I asked, trying hard to assume a careless countenance and an easy attitude.

"Oh, no! Monsieur; that won't do at all;" said the younger one, laughing. "Have the goodness to rise for one moment and I will show you something better than that. *Voila*; try if you can place yourself more naturally, thus."

I tried, and was approved of. "And now," continued the operator, producing a piece of black silk, "look at this, and don't be afraid. It must cover your shirt bosom for a while; then I shall come and snatch it away: but you must not budge an inch. Some Englishmen spoil their portraits, by jumping up when I have to do this."

The elder lady took a large looking-glass to illuminate, by reflected light, my right cheek, and ear, and whisker. The awfully effective slide of the *camera obscura* was drawn; in a few seconds the junior stole round and whisked the black silk away; and *presto!* the slide was shut again with a clap. "There!" said the senior; "your tooth is drawn, Monsieur, and I hope you have not suffered greatly."

When I paid for my portrait, I could not help wishing that a few pale-faced, under-fed, thin-clad English girls could see how cheerfully Mademoiselle Lebour was living by the practice of Daguerreotpe. She seemed almost as happy and as independent as a first-rate governess at fifty pounds a year; if such a comparison will bear the making.

On a subsequent adventure, arrived at a railway station, we wanted to take our tickets. At the pigeon-hole or wicket, or *quichet*, as they call it, appeared a female clerk with an assistant of the same sex, doubtless her youngest sister: both very business-like and very polite. A train was soon coming. Might we go on the platform and see it? No; as we were not going by that. But, if we liked, we might enter the clerk's *bureau*, and view it from the windows. Thence followed chat about Jerome Bonaparte, and reviews, and mad dogs, and spaniels (for the clerk's husband was a great sportsman, and had been keeper to Charles the Tenth), and about forest life among the Vosges, and sea-bathing in the gulf of the Seine; interrupted by the tinkling of a little bell. Silence, all; for Madame looks at the dial-plate of her electric telegraph, handles its crinkum-crankums with the decision of a Faraday, concludes her message, and returns to the subject of wild boars under Charles the Tenth and Frascati's establishment at Le Havre. But I was spoiled for further talk; I could only mutter to myself, "If French women are clever enough to take Daguerretype portraits, and to work electric telegraphs, and can get a comfortable living by such honest means, why should not English women do the same?"

Female labour of a humbler kind had previously furnished me with a hint to the benevolent. At Boulogne-sur-Mer, the office of removing all passengers' luggage from the vessel in which they arrive, for inspection at the Custom House, is an old privilege of the widows of sailors and fishermen who have been lost at sea. It is instructive to behold them—a band of blue-stockinged, short petticoated, warm clad matrons, some with their heads covered by black veils to indicate their recent loss, hauling and carting the chattels of lighter-hearted mortals. The bottle-green customs' men look on and walk beside the cargoes, but not a male creature is allowed to lay a finger on a package. At their head marches a sort of Queen of the Widows, who is their mouthpiece, their treasurer, and sometimes, perhaps, their order-keeper.

The Folkestone boat was due; and while it was entering the harbour, Her Majesty offered me a pinch of snuff.

"They are *des gueux* (beggars), these folks!" said she, with a toss of her head and a shake of her earrings.

"Why are they worse than the people from Dover or London?" I inquired, rather in surprise.

"Because when travellers go by the twelve hours' route, and their luggage is visited at Paris instead of here, it does not enter our Custom House, and the sailors' widows are robbed of their dues."

The boat approached, and Her Majesty sailed away to attend to her duties; but I could not help thinking that whoever watched the bill for the railway from Boulogne to Paris, might have stuck on some little rider in support of the vested rights of the bereaved porteresses. It was also a question to my mind, whether their sorrows were not as well alleviated by social hard work in the open air, as they would have been by the solitary indolence of an alms-house.

After this, when you read in a French paper the advertisement of an auction, when you go to the auction (say of wholesale fish held in the open air), when you behold a sharp, quick-witted auctioneer in petticoats conducting the affair with all the method, and more than the adroitness of a man, you must not be surprised. At least, I have seen one or two who might challenge George Bidder himself to calculate francs and centimes.

Instances in still humbler life are innumerable. At the corner of the street is a public shoe-black, who has two strings to his bow; for he is a *commissionare* also, or runner of errands. But he cannot be in two places at once; so whenever he finds it his interest to drop the shoe-black and metamorphose himself into a light-heeled Mercury, his wife takes his place and flourishes the blacking-brush.

Our morning's milk is brought round, not by a milk-*man* the women here would drown him in a hogshead of the skimmed and sky-blue article—but by a stout lass on horseback. She rides up the cote, or hill, on which we are perched; on each side of her is a large pannier filled with tin cans and pots close bunged for the customers; she, mounted in the middle, looks down upon the world, and distributes her favours with the serenity of a goddess.

Yesterday evening we went up to Madame Hauttot's, the farmeress's, to purchase some new-laid eggs for breakfast, and a chicken for dinner to-day. Madame was out, but soon came back; she drove into the yard a one-horse cart, laden with wheat sheaves, which she had herself piled thereon: on the top of all was riding her little daughter, by way of make-weight. Madame unharnessed the horse, took it out, put it into the stable, and then filled our basket with eggs. The chicken had no mind to be caught, and Madame was obliged to run it down; it would be tenderer, she said, after being well *fatigueé'd*. It was then put somewhere out of the way to be killed and unfeathered as soon as she had milked the cow, and fed the horse, and got the wheat into the barn. And where was the *Sieur* Hauttot all this while? He was out for a "morth of August," earning harvest wages of other people; and his own little farm at home seemed to be going on just as well without him, under Madame's industrious superintendence.

When you have read my gossip thus far, you will think to yourself, and perhaps you will say, "It is all very well for Frenchwoman to busy themselves about those sort things, but you will never get Englishwoman to do them. They have neither the tact nor the courage for it. It wouldn't come naturally to them."

I beg your pardon, and will instantly prove the contrary. I want to change a ten-pound Bank of England note, and must have French money for it—gold, silver, and, I hope, a few copper extras by way of premium. There are several exchanges of money at hand, but of course I shall go to Madame Lacroix. And why do I go to Madame Lacroix? Because she is an Englishwoman; and because it is right that English people abroad should try and help each other to get a living; and because the slightest additional item of custom must conduce to that highly desirable end. Madame Lacroix is married to a Frenchman—I am not positive that I have spelt their name correctly—who is a goldsmith and a dealer in money; but I have not seen him in the shop more than once, and that appeared very like an unusual accident.

I enter; the place glitters and glows with treasure. On the right, behind a counter, sits Madame Lacroix in a certain degree of state. The salutation made, I present my bank-note. It is looked at; but, though cut in halves, it is subjected to what seems a very short and slight inspection. Madame, however, is too quick and too practised not to have seen that all was right in half the time. She addresses her cashier, a neatly-dressed young woman, who turns out to be her daughter, and who steps behind the opposite counter on the left, and gives me what I want, according to the maternal orders of the lady superior. [By the way, I have to buy my French gold rather dear, in spite of California importations; but who on earth can carry about with him on his travels a great sack full of five-franc pieces? To be sure, French notes are to be had instead.] The bank from which my change is drawn lies exposed to the public (behind plate-glass and brass wire netting), and is enriched by contributions from all sorts of nations, and coinages, and paper monies—*assignats* excepted, which might injure Madame's credit. There are golden dollar pieces from America, big and little, Spanish *caroli*, French *billets de banque*, and English sovereigns: offering Victoria to our admiration alongside of bran-new five-franc pieces resplendent with the profile of the Prince President. The Republics, both of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, here seem equally to belong to the past, when they take their places so quietly in the money-changer's window.

Well; with the respective values of all these, and more, Madame Lacroix, an English-woman, is perfectly acquainted. She would probably give you, if required, a lecture on Swiss coins, and display a tolerably competent knowledge of the currency of the cantons—an effort of the mind of which I must confess myself utterly incapable. She will immediately convert any one sort of marketable specie and notes into any other, subtracting or adding the little differences that have to be given, or received, or withheld, according to the state of the money-market, and the *direction* in which gold, silver, or paper, pass to or from her treasury. And all is done quietly, with some dignity of manner, and with not an atom of the offensive priggishness which is now and then seen behind a banker's counter.

Now, suppose that M. Lacroix one morning were to come in, and say: "My dear wife, you have been kept at this sort of work quite long enough; you were never brought up to it in England, and your head must require a little rest after all those puzzles about sous, and centimes, and colonnati, and dollars, and zwanzigers, and groschen, and ecus, and florins, and batzen, and the deuce knows what. They must break your rest at night, though I haven't discovered it; so I have felt it my duty to think about your future ease and comfort. We are rich enough to give Mademoiselle Lacroix a decent little marriage portion; neither she nor you shall be confined to the shop any longer. I have ordered our *salon* on the first floor to be re-furnished for you to sit in, and read novels, and do berlin work, and crochet; and I have engaged a couple of nice young men with pretty moustaches—excellent testimonials, unquestionable securities, and the genteelest of manners, to take your places here to-morrow morning."

Fancy Madame's astonishment at the promulgation of such an act of deposition as this! Would she faint and abdicate quietly, or would she really think that her husband was acting the part of a kind and considerate friend, to take so much trouble off her hands for the rest of her life? She would do, I venture to hypothesise, neither the one nor the other. She would rebel; she would tell her husband he was a fool, and, that if he talked in that style a second time, she would get him put into a mad-house; and, as to the young gentlemen with pretty moustaches and unimpeachable characters, let them look out for a place in the customs or the coast-guard, or let them sell themselves for substitute conscripts, if they pleased; or learn to cook, and get an engagement at a *restauraunt*—that indeed would be something respectable and manly. But no mail cashiers or clerks should ever enter her doors, as sure as she was an Englishwoman born, and a Frenchwoman married. *Voila!*

But I beg M. Lacroix's pardon for making so excessively absurd a supposition. He knows a great deal better than to dream of any household revolution of the kind.

My ten-pound note—soon may I look upon its like again—is changed. A proper and natural consequence of a fulness of cash honestly earned, is the desire to spend a little of it in reasonable pleasure. Most conveniently, a German-French operatic star, wandering in an eccentric orbit from Milan, is here for a little sea air, and will give one single representation—only one. She will sing *The Favourite*, and her proceeds will probably pay for her baths and her bill at the hotel. The native orchestra is admirable, and we anticipate a treat. Two ladies go under my wing, and I take them to the best place in the theatre—the *premiere gallerie* (a thing we have not in England), a sort of balcony jutting out just over the pit and in front of the boxes. To get there, we have to traverse the same lobbies and corridors as if we were going to the boxes of that tier. At this theatre, my fair friends point out to me another unwonted employment of female heads and hands.

You will now, perhaps, suppose that, as women do so much in France, we found all the male characters in the opera, and in the vaudeville which preceded it, assumed by ladies: that we had female tenors, female basses, and female walking-gentlemen. No such thing; the French know better than that (though Mademoiselle Benita Anguinet, the first conjuress in Europe, advertises that she will *incessantly* give an evening performance there, which will make Anderson shoot himself, and Jacobs take poison). But the box-openers and attendants were all *respectable, decent* women. The only men-servants of the establishment that were visible, were two or three money-takers below, and the sentinels outside.

"Well," you will say, impatiently, "you don't recommend that arrangement for England, do you? How do such female box-keepers manage to perform their duties and maintain order among the unruly characters of their own sex, who frequent the lobbies of a theatre? They would insult decent women, as you say these appeared to be, and prevent them from retaining their situations."

To your surprise, I reply that none of the sad and shameless creatures to whom you allude, are suffered to annoy the public in such places, else I should not have taken two women whom I respected there. You may call it tyranny—here we think it only decency; but the authorities distinctly say to all vicious persons who make a trade of vice, "If you will pursue such courses, we cannot prevent you; but we will prevent you from advertising and hawking about your viciousness in places where it can shock and corrupt the well-conducted portion of the population. Whoever here wants to indulge in vice shall have to seek it out in its dark and dangerous hiding-places. It shall not be forced upon the young; it shall not terrify and extort from the aged; it shall not repel and disgust the pure, debarring them from amusements, which we think it innocent and even wise to enjoy."

England talks loudly of her morality; but England cannot attain to this degree of mere common propriety. Mr. Macready, to his honour, set the example.

You are aware that nothing rejoices abandoned people so much as to pull down others to their own level; and, if they cannot do that, to annoy and insult them. And this holds more true of women than it does in respect to men. Now, if women by leading a more active, business-like, and public life, are thereby necessarily brought into contact with unfortunates of their own sex, who envy their honourable position, and hate them for holding creditably what themselves have lost, there is an end to the matter; they will be driven from their post. For, individual men cannot interfere in the bickerings, and quarrels, and onslaughts of women amongst and upon themselves. But the authorities can and may interfere, and from their impersonality, carry out with ease many regulations which no oneman can successfully enforce. If respectable women come forward and volunteer to take a heavier share of the labours of this life, they must be supparted by greater politeness and respect from the men, and protected from all offence, by the seclusion of those who deliberately prefer a life of vicious idleness to one of hard-working decency. If your means or your income are so limited, that you are thankful to find in your helpmate and in your daughter your fellow-labourer, before they can fairly prove themselves so, they must first have a clear stage and no stumbling-blocks; and that's the whole of it. English women must sit at home, or starve each other by competition for "genteel" employments, if by going abroad, or by engaging in those which are "ungenteel," they are exposed to annoyances to which they ought not to submit. I do think that we may hit the nail upon the head, by saying that when the common run of Englishmen are as polite, as respectful, as full of domestic affection—pray do not jump off your chair at the reproach—and as steady supporters of public morality and decent appearances as the same class of Frenchmen are—then and not before, English-women will gloriously prove their capabilities, and have a chance of showing you what they can do.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

Three Years in Europe; or Places I have Seen and People I have Met. By W. WELLS BROWN, a Fugitive Slave. With a Memoir of the Author, by WM. FARMER, Esq. London: Charles Gilpin. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

THIS remarkable book of a remarkable man cannot fail to add to the practical protests already entered in Britain against the absolute bondage of 3,000,000 of our fellow creatures, and the political and social proscription of more than half a million of others, under the absurd title of "free coloured" people. A former publication from the pen of William Wells Brown has been so copiously noticed in these columns, that we shall not farther recur to the prefatory memoir by Mr. Farmer than to recommend its perusal, as containing a readable biography, and fair, though friendly, portrait of one who, in his person and mind, gives "the loud lie" to the slanderous assertion that the darker children of the human family are inferior to their fair brethren.

The career of William Wells Brown, as set forth in these pages, is triumphant proof of what may be achieved by industry and intellectual activity. The impressions of a self-educated son of Slavery, here set forth, must hasten the period when the senseless and impious denial of common claims to a common humanity, on the score of colour, shall be scouted with scorn in every civilized and Christian country. And when this "consummation devoutly to be wished" shall be attained, among the means of destruction of the hideous abomination, his compatriots will remember with respect and gratitude the doings and sayings of William Wells Brown.

The volume before us consists of a sufficient variety of scenes, persons, arguments, inferences, speculations, and opinions, to satisfy and amuse the most *exigeant* of those who read *pour se desennuyer*; while those who look deeper into things, and view with anxious hope the progress of nations and of mankind, will feel that the good cause of humanity and freedom, of Christianity, enlightenment, and brotherhood, cannot fail to be served by such a book as this, from the pen of one whose claim to a common origin has been denied by un-Christian professors of Christianity, and whose property in himself and his offspring is not merely disputed, but violently, and by the brutal arm of tyrannic might, torn from him. That one who, for twenty years, suffered the pangs of this cruel servitude; one who throughout, and beyond, that period when it is said the human character is formed, for good or for evil, should retain that expansibility of intellect, and vitality of charity, which have enabled him to educate his mind, cultivate the finer feeling of our nature, and lastly, under this bitter oppression and degradation, keep unextinguished that spark of the *mens divinior* of poetry and philanthropy, is indeed surprising. It bears witness to the "deep damnation" of the doctrine of those ministers of pretended Christian churches, who palliate prosperous infamy for the love of Mammon, and preach smooth things to Moloch clad in purple and fine linen.

The "intelligent chattel" from *which* this book proceeds was born at Lexington, in Kentucky, "about corn-cutting," in 1814; *its* mother was a slave of the name of Elizabeth, the property of a physician called Dr. Young, who exercised the callings of smith, merchant, and farmer; the father was George Higgins, a relation of Dr. Young aforesaid. As in the Southern States of America, the pedigree and age of a horse or a dog is carefully preserved; while, on the other hand, no record is made of the birth of a slave; and as the mother "Elizabeth," and her son "William," were permitted no second or family name, we think our adoption of the neuter gender is, though somewhat novel, by no means inappropriate. *It* and *which* are frequently applied to dogs and horses, and other of the "lower" animals; but if the "unfeathered bipeds" cursed with a darker skin, which may chance to be born as "stock" upon the farm even of a "doctor" are unregistered, while "pedigrees" are preserved of the canine and equine races, we certainly think that the sensitiveness of the "smartest nation in all creation" need not find its "dander rise" at finding their humanity and their grammar placed on a correspondingly low scale.

After his escape into Ohio, and protection by the Abolitionists of the North, Mr. Brown devoted his every energy to self-improvement, and the emancipation of his wretched brethren in bonds of thraldom. From 1843 to 1847 he laboured zealously in arousing the Anti-Slavery spirit in Massachusetts. Notwithstanding, however, many influential friends, the high celebrity he had attained in the North, and the general respect his talents and character had gained for him, the slave spirit of America denied him the rights of a citizen. By the constitution of the United States he was every moment liable to be seized and sent back to Slavery. He was in daily peril of a gradual legalized murder, under a system, one of the established economical principles of which is, "that it is more profitable to work up a slave on a plantation in a short time, by excessive labour and cheap food, than to obtain a lengthened period of toil by moderate work and liberal treatment." Shortly, "the Fugitive Slave Law," since passed, and to the eternal disgrace of America urged into fiendish activity, "loomed in the future." So uncertain, even before its passing, seemed Mr. Brown's tenure of liberty, that his friends proposed, as in the case of Frederick Douglass, to secure it by his purchase. This, however—and the circumstance enhances our respect for our coloured friend—he refused "on principle." On the 10th of January, 1848, Mr. Enoch Priece (we like the name of Enoch, in this affair hugely), wrote to Mr. Edmund Quincy, offering to *sell* Mr. Brown to *himself* or *his friends* for 325 dollars! To this communication of the patriarch's namesake, the human chattel thus replied: "I cannot accept of Mr. Price's offer, to become the vender of my body and soul. God made me as free as he did Enoch Price, and Mr. Price shall never receive a dollar from me nor any of my friends with my consent." We cannot conceive anything more calculated to elongate the sufficiently long countenance of a man-dealer, than such an awful "repudiation" of all the rights of property on the part of what a lawyer would call the *chose in action*. We really think in these days of subscriptions for slanderous saints and murderous martyrs, that the defenders of the domestic institution might console Mr. Enoch for the dollarous disappointment by some appropriate testimonial, such as a pair of massive silver shackles, a gold-mounted woman-whip, or the like. In brief, Mr. Brown was too dangerous to his enemies, and too valuable to his friends, to be retained. Again it was thought desirable to have in England some talented man of colour, who could give the lie to the doctrine of the inferiority of the African race, and hence, in 1849, William Wells Brown left on his mission to Europe.

In August of that year he landed at Liverpool experiencing on his voyage in the *Canada* the last insult on account of his birth. From Liverpool he proceeded to Dublin, thence to London, and thence to the Peace Congress in Paris. Here he admirably maintained his reputation as a public speaker, and, on concluding, received the warm gratulations of Victor Hugo, Emile de Girardin, the Abbe Daguerry, the Pastor Coquerel, Richard Cobden, and other celebrities. His account of Paris is lively, observant and intelligent, and his reception at the *soiree* of M. de Tocqueville, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, where he was specially distinguished by the minister's lady, is told with becoming and modest confidence. We shall not dwell on the writer's sensible remarks on the manners, public buildings, and splendours of Paris, but take a specimen that will serve rather to introduce him to the reader psychologically, than as a mere traveller or journal writer:

"On the passage from America, there were in the same steamer with me, several Americans, and among these three or four seemed very much annoyed at the fact that I was a passenger, and enjoying the company of white persons; and although I was not openly insulted, I very often heard the remark, 'That nigger had better be on his master's farm;' and 'What could the American Peace Society be thinking about to send a black man as a delegate to Paris.' Well, at the close of the first sitting of the Convention, and just as I was leaving Victor Hugo, to whom I had been introduced by an M. P., I observed near me a gentleman with his hat in his hand, whom I recognised as one of the passengers who had crossed the Atlantic with me in the Canada, and who appeared to be among the most horrified at having a negro for a fellow passenger. This gentlemen, as I left M. Hugo, stepped up to me, and said, 'How do you do, Mr. Brown?' 'You have the advantage of me,' said I. 'Oh, don't you know me? I was a fellow-passenger with you from America; I wish you would introduce me to Victor Hugo and Mr. Cobden.' I need not inform you that I declined introducing this pro-slavery American to these distinguished men."

We think it unnecessary to point out which of the two was most imbued with that native self-respect which is said to be so large an ingredient in the formation of the character of a gentleman. Mr. Brown adds, with a charity of feeling and a manliness of sentiment which must be gall and wormwood to such as his erewhile overbearing and persecuting, but now small-souled and tuft-hunting countrymen:

"I only allude to this to show what a change comes over the dream of my white American brother, by crossing the ocean. The man who would not have been seen walking with me in the streets of New York, and who would not have skaken hands with me with a pair of tongs while on the passage from the United States, could come with hat in hand and smiling face in Paris, and say, 'I was your fellow-passenger.'"

Quitting the capital of France, our emancipated slave hurries on the whirl of steam to London. It is proper to state that the work, written in the first person, assumes the form of a series of letters to friends in America, for whose information on England it is specially designed. This gives it to the seeker after truthful impressions an additional value. It, so to say, removes us yet further from the national and perhaps prejudiced point of view in which we cannot help regarding praise, or remonstrance, or blame addressed directly to ourselves. London, thence to Hartwell House, on a visit to Dr. Lee, where a pleasant sojourn is pleasantly described, brings our traveller to one of those opportunities of observation whereon the candid thoughts of such a man are worth a score of the orations of demagogues, the speculations of theorists, the fancies of stay-at-home sentimentalists, and the proceedings of political economists. Hear an American slave on the condition of the English labourer.

While at Hartwell, on a visit to Mr. Lee, Mr. Brown observes:

"During the second day we visited the cottages of several labourers, and in these I took no little interest. The people of the United States know nothing of the real condition of the labouring classes of England. The peasants of Great Britain *are always spoken of as belonging to the soil.* I was taught in America that the English peasant was no better off than the slave upon a Carolina rice field. I had seen the slaves in the Missouri huddled together, three, four, and even five families in a single room, not more than 15 by 25 feet square, and I expected to see the same in England. But in this I was disappointed. After visiting a new house that the doctor was building, we went into one of the cottages that stood near the road, and I had an opportunity of seeing, for the first time, an English peasant's cot. We entered a low whitewashed room, with a stone floor, that showed an admirable degree of cleanliness. Before us was a row of shelves filled with earthen dishes and pewter spoons glittering as if they had just come from under the hand of a woman of taste. A 'Cobden' loaf of bread, that had just been left by a baker's boy, lay upon an oaken table much worn away by the scrubbing brush, while just above it lay the old family Bible, that had been handed down, until its possession seemed almost of as great value as its contents. A half open door, leading into another room, showed us a clean bed; the whole presenting as fine a picture of neatness, order, and comfort, as the most fastidious taste could wish to see. No occupant was present, and therefore I inspected everything with a greater degree of freedom. In front of the cottage was a small grass-plot, with here and there a bed of flowers, cheated out of its share of sunshine by the tall holly that had been planted near it. As I looked upon the home of the labourer, my thoughts reverted to my enslaved countrymen. What a difference, thought I, between the tillers of the soil in England and America. There could not be a more complete refutation of the assertion that the English labourer is no better off than the American slave, than the scene that was then before me. I called the attention of one of my American friends to a beautiful rose that grew near the door, and said to him, 'The law that protects that flower will also protect the hand that planted it.' He knew that I had drank deep of the cup of Slavery, was aware of my thoughts, and merely nodded in reply."

This is the language of nature; the reflections of the fugitive slave rise in their truth, homeliness, and simplicity, till unconsciously, as in this reflection on the rose and liberty, he arrives at that exaltation which is true poetry; he has here struck that chord of our common nature, one "touch" of which, says Nature's poet, "makes the whole world kin." Sterne, with his command of language, might have lent elegance of phrase, and polish of diction to such a happy thought; but the gem, though enhanced by the skill of the artist, and ornamented by the beauty of the setting, would alone owe its intrinsic value to its being true diamond. But we are digressing from the subject of labourers and slaves. Mr. Brown, on his visit to Newcastle, delivered his first lecture to an audience of working men. Let us listen to his impressions; they are worth consideration as the unsophisticated opinions of a man peculiarly situated, and who has been compelled to work out his conclusions for himself in the most practical school, that of suffering and labour, and under that most efficient of teachers—experience. His first few sentences may instruct and undeceive many as to the real position of the press and of speech in the "model republic," what that freedom is in a neighbouring one, they need not be told:

"England stands pre-eminently the first Government in the world for freedom of the speech, and of the press. Not even in our own beloved America, can the man who feels himself oppressed speak out as he can in Great Britain. In some parts of England, however, the freedom of thought is tolerated to a greater extent than in others; and of the places favourable to reforms of all kinds calculated to elevate and benefit mankind, Newcastle-on-Tyne is foremost. Surrounded by innumerable coal mines, it furnishes employment for a large labouring population, many of whom take deep interest in the passing events of the day, and consequently are a reading class. The public debater or speaker, no matter what may be his subject, who fails to get an audience in other towns, is sure of a gathering in the Music Hall, or lecture Room, in Newcastle."

After this testimony to the reading habits of our working classes in the north, a statement we can from observation indorse, Mr. Brown proceeds on a subject we have already touched upon as regards the rural labourer, let us now look at his view of the town operative, as calculated to

> "The giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as ithers see us,"

which, in this exceptional case, is certainly more gratifying than humiliating.

"Here," says our traveller, "I first had an opportunity of coming in contact with a portion of the labouring people of Britain. I have addressed large and influential meetings in Newcastle and the neighbouring towns, and the more I see and learn of the condition of the working classes of England, the more I am satisfied of the utter fallacy of the statements often made, that their condition approximates to that of the slaves of America. Whatever the disadvantages the British peasant labours under, he is free; and if he is not satisfied with one employer he can make choice of another. He has also the right to educate his children; and he is the equal of his master before an English court of justice. But how is it with the American slave? He has no right to himself; no right to his wife; to his child; or to protect them or his own person. He is nothing more than a living tool. Beyond his field or his workshop he knows and must know nothing. There is no amount of ignorance he is not capable of. He has not the least idea of the face of the earth, nor of the history or the constitution of the country in which he dwells. To him the literature, the science, the art, the progressive history, and the accumulated discoveries of bygone ages, are as if they had never been. The past is to him as yesterday, the future scarcely more than to morrow. Ancestral monuments he has none; written documents, fraught with the cogitations of other times, he has none; of any instrumentality calculated to awaken and excite the intellectual activity and comprehension of a present or an approaching generation, he has none. His condition is that of the leopard of his native Africa. It lives, it propagates its kind; but never does it indicate a movement towards the all-but angelic intelligence of man. The slave eats, drinks, and sleeps—all for the benefit of the man who claims his body as his property. Before the tribunals of his country he has no voice. He has no higher appeal than the mere will of his owner. He knows nothing of the inspired apostles through their writings. He has no Sabbath, no Church, no Bible, no means of grace—and yet we are told he is as well off as the labouring classes of England. It is not enough that the people of my country should point to their Declaration of Independence, which declares that 'all men are created equal.' It is not enough that they should laud to the skies a constitution containing boasting declarations in favour of freedom. It is not enough that they should extol the genius of Washington, the patriotism of Henry, and the enthusiasm of Otis. The time has come when nations are judged by the acts of the present instead of the past; and so must it be with America."

There is high eloquence and higher truth in this; we repeat the axiom, "The time has come when nations are judged by the acts of the present instead of the past;" and, accepting the philosophy of a fugitive slave, champion it against despots and anarchists, communists and oligarchs, for, as the French phrase it, *les extremes se touchent*.

Thus much for the present of Mr. Brown's *Three Year's Experience*. In a second notice we shall address ourselves more especially to "the places he has seen and the people he has met," rather than the impressions made thereby or the opinions formed.—*London Morning Advertiser.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

THE Earl of Carlisle has been reading his lecture on the "Poetry of Pope," before the members of the Mechanics' Institute and other inhabitants of Morpeth.

——FATHER MATHEW, the noted teetotaller, and five other Roman Catholic priests, have sailed for Calcutta. Their business in India is, it is reported, the foundation of a Romish see at Hyderabad.

——A BREAKFAST IN LONDON, DINNER IN FRANCE, AND SUPPER IN LONDON.—It is now perfectly easy to breakfast at a seasonable hour in London, to judge of the skill of a French *chef de cuisine* at an early dinner in *la belle* France, and to be again in London in time for an evening party, all on one and the same day, and with little more fatigue than would be experienced after the ordinary twelve hours' avocations.

——CURIOUS USE OF A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.—The Austrian police and customs officers in Silesia have been ordered to keep a sharp eye on the pocket-handkerchiefs of the people. Handkerchiefs in large numbers find their way across the frontier, presenting a very orderly and proper appearance to the eye; but after a first washing a part of their colour disappears, and revolutionary manifestoes and addresses meet the sight.

——A BACK-HANDER.—During the Herefordshire election, one of the county magistrates exasperated the populace of Ross. In the course of the riotous proceedings which prevented the regular conclusion of the poll, they laid violent hands on their calumniator, hurried him to the third story of one of the highest houses in the town; threw open the window, and there held him suspended by the hinder part of his pantaloons, with his head downwards, till he shouted "Free Trade for ever!"—*Liv. Albion.*

——"UP BOYS AND AT 'EM."—It was mooted whether the action to be imparted to his [Wellington] statue should not represent the moment when his cry "Up, boys, and at 'em!" roused his troops to their last irresistible and victorious charge. "'Up, boys, and at 'em!'" replied the Duke, "I never could have said any such thing. I remember very well that I caused them to lie down for shelter behind a rising ground, and by that means saved many of their lives; but 'Up, boys, and at 'em!' is all nonsense." —*Autobiography of William Jerdan.*

——IN reference to the dispute now raging between Mr. Jared Sparks and Lord Mahon as to the right which a biographer has of "improving" the M. S. of his hero, the *Athenæum* observes that there is but one safe rule for an editor to adopt. If he is editing original papers—and publishing them as originals—he must re-produce them textually and literally. A low word often involves a trait of character. A mis-spelling or a slip in the grammar—if habitual, is a part of the writer's story—if not, is a comment on the text, which may serve, like the blot of a tear, to explain the circumstances under which it was written."

——TO AMERICA IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS.—One Mr. D. S. Brown proposes, in the *Mining Journal*, to reach America in forty-eight hours, and make the voyage to India and back in a fortnight! His alledged discovery consists in the peculiar construction of the vessels, giving them a greater breadth of beam, &c. He proposes to make the under surface of the vessel, which is flat, of two inclined planes; the effect of this will be, when the ship is in motion, to raise her whole hull to the surface of the water, thereby removing entirely the resistance at the bows, which is stated to be the great obstacle.

——IT was the opinion of Geoffroy and of Cuvier, that there never had been but one creation. Dr. Knox, who was formerly well known as a popular lecturer on Anatomy, in one of the extra academical schools connected with the University of Edinburgh, declares himself, in the course of a volume he has just published, entitled "A Manual of Artistic Anatomy," to be of the same opinion. "I believe," he says, "all animals to be descended from primitive forms of life, forming an integral part of the globe itself; and that the successive varieties of animals and plants which the dissection of the strata of the earth clearly sets forth, is due to the occurrence of geological epochs, of the power of which we cannot form any true conception."

——A MISER'S BEQUEST TO THE QUEEN.—A barrister-at-law, named Neild, a man of very eccentric and penurious habits, died at Chelsea (England) lately, in his 72nd year. After bequeathing a few very trifling legacies, the deceased has left the whole of his immense fortune to "Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, begging Her Majesties most gracious acceptance of the same, for her sole use and benefit, and of her heirs," &c. The property is estimated at upwards of £500,000 For some years past Mr. Nield has scarcely allowed himself the common necessaries and comforts of life, and has left a poor old housekeeper, who was with him for more than twenty-six years, without the smallest provision for her protracted and far from agreeable or remunerative services.

——JUSTICE TALFOURD ON A LITERARY LIFE.—Judge Talfourd has just published a novel called "Annette"—a story of the first French revolution; or rather he has prefixed a short memoir to a posthumus tale of that title by Mr. Deacon, a gentleman once well known in the journalism of the metropolis as the editor of an evening paper, and who died in 1845. In the course of the volume, the judge dissipates the absurd notions of a literary life lately revived in Jerdan's Autobiography. The instances, he observes, in which a mere facility for rhyming is mistaken for the poetic faculty abound; and each aspirant is ready, with the slightest encouragement, and sometimes without any, to enter on a literary life. Now, "if these temptations induce persons wholly unqualified to rush into print, and the result is neglect and misery, their disasters supply no proof that literature, adopted by persons endowed with reasonable ability, and pursued in the proper line with steadiness, is necessarily a desperate profession. Still less are the misfortunes which improvidence brings on individuals who have succeeded in obtaining a share of the public favour, proof of the general charge they advance. Their difficulties are not peculiar to the author's calling, and would have awaited them in any other. If a man, in any department of life, spends more than he earns, he must soon be immersed in embarrassment, and if he spends all that he earns, and dies in the prime of life, he must leave his family destitute: these are not the incidents of literature, but belong equally to all who have to carve out their own fortunes."

——THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.—A trusty correspondent at Washington has sent us an exclusive copy of the instructions of the American Cabinet to Mr. Ingersoll, who comes over to supersede Mr. Abbott Lawrence, in his duty of United States' Ambassador at St. James'. It will be seen that they relate more to the personal conduct of the future Minister than to any line of policy between the two countries. They are as follow:

"1. You are on all occasions to remember that you represent the simplicity of the Republican principle. You will, therefore, as seldom as may be, consider yourself the Duke of Washington—the Marquis of Niagara—or the Earl of Mississippi. Because it is your duty to pay respect to a crowned head, you are not, therefore, to forget that the American President wears nothing but a hat—(night-caps going for nothing).

"2. You will be courteous and accessible on all occasions to your fellow-citizens of the Union; never permitting the atmosphere of a monarchy, and more especially the intoxicating and deleterious atmosphere of Almacks, of Stonehenge House, Normanwood Palace, and such high places—to make you forgetful of the equality of all the children of Jonathan (niggers being cattle).

"3. You will, in the fulfilment of your official duties, have to swallow many public dinners; whereat you will be called upon to speak. Always hold out the right hand of fellowship—but keep your back straight. When invited to the high festivals of the Tittlebatmongers' Company, you may—or rather *must*—use a little soft sawder about the fish business, so amicably settled (with a hook and a line).

"4. You will have to propose toasts. Therefore do not give the immortal memory of King John—because you may see at the board a Jew sheriff whose ancestor had his teeth pulled out by the orders of his anointed Majesty—the king drawing on the Jew's jaw instead of his bank. Finally, you will not spit upon the memory (by the way, you must not spit in company anywhere in England), of Wat Tyler as a rebel to his lawful king, seeing who once *riz* against good King George, the father of his people (Jonathan giving his old father such a tarnation licking).—*Punch.*

——THE NEW CRYSTAL PALACE.—On the question whether the New Crystal Palace shall be open on Sundays, the *Nonconformist* says: "We are compelled once more, greatly against our inclination, to notice the agitation being got up in several parts of the country, to prevent the granting of a Royal Charter to the Company who have purchased and will re-erect the People's Crystal Palace, unless it is to be closed to the public on the Sunday. The end sought is avowedly sought on *religious considerations*. There can be no mistake about that. The influence to be brought to bear with a view to that end, is the influence which has been entrusted to the civil magistrate for the equal advantage of all citizens, and purely with a view to their temporal welfare. Have we any right to invoke his aid in furtherance of our religious convictions? Are we entitled to dictate to others, through the medium of the Crown, the religious conditions on which they shall be permitted a customary privilege? We cannot conceive how they who adhere to the principle that 'all legislation by civil governments for religious purposes, is opposed to reason, hostile to liberty, and an invasion of divine prerogatives,' can so soon forget it in the present instance. Their inconsistency will do nothing to commend their religious belief to the masses of their fellow-countrymen. They will fail in their attempt to prescribe to others their creed by law, and they will, we fear, expose to terrible misconception the spirit of the Christianity which they, doubtless, desire to promote."

——THE DAYS OF THE SWORD.—"Any one who will take the trouble to go carefully through the columns of the *Daily Post* or *Journal* of the years 1724, 5, 6, and 7, will find therein scattered yet ample proofs that dissoluteness and the sword were inseparable, drink lending fierceness to both. We find an illustration of this earlier than either of the periods named above. In 1716, for instance, Lord Mohun and Captain Hall forcibly carried of Mrs. Bracegirdle, the actress, at the point of the sword. They were obliged, however, to surrender their prey; but they lay in wait for Will Montford, the player, who was supposed to be an admirer of the lady's, and of whom Hall was jealous, and barbarously murdered him in the streets. The 'watch' had timidly offered to interfere, but the peer and his companions had driven them away, and then gaily proceeded to the consummation of a deed for which a triply-blind justice subsequently refused to exact retribution. It was this Mohun who afterwards fought the butchering duel in Hyde Park with the Duke of Hamilton. He spent the previous night 'at the bagnio' with his second, Major-General M'Carthy, and he left it, as the *Postboy* remarks, 'seized with fear and trembling.' 'The dog Mohun,' says Swift, 'was killed on the spot; but while the Duke was over him Mohun shortened his sword, and stabbed him in the shoulder to the heart.' M'Carthy, like Hall, was a species of 'bully,' in the lord's pay, and the mortal wound given to the duke was believed to have been delivered by his hand. The parties lay on the ground, rolling over and hacking at each other like savages.

"These antagonists fought for a poor reason, some miserable question of law; but the general gallants of the day were well content to fight for no reason at all. Thus Fulwood, the lawyer, in 1720, while standing, as was the custom of the pit, to see Mrs. Oldfield's 'Scornful Lady,' remonstrated with Beau Fielding for pushing against him. 'Orlando the Fair' straightway clapped his hand to his sword, and the pugnacious lawyer, determined not to be behind hand, drew his blade, and passed it into the body of the beau. While the latter, who was a mature gentleman of some half-century old, was exhibiting his wound in order to excite the sympathy which he did *not* get from the laughing ladies, Fulwood, flushed by victory, hastened to the playhouse in Lincoln's Inn Field's where he picked a quarrel with a Captain Cusack, who was a better swordsman than Orlando, and who stopped the lawyer's triumps by straightway slaying him.

"Night was made hideous by the encounters of these amateur swordsmen on the darkened highways. In one of the numbers of the *Daily Post*, for 1726, I find it recorded that a bevy of drunken gallants having descended from a hackney coach in Piccadilly of course quarrelled with the coachman, whom they bilked, and, because he remonstrated, stabbed his poor patient horses. The courageous young gentlemen then entered a public-house for the entertainment of very equivocal company, wherein they not only assaulted with their swords the other gallants whom they found therein, but also the 'ladies.' In the midst of the fray the honest mistress of the mansion flings herself at the feet of the assailants, beseeching them not to ruin her reputation, and bring discredit upon an establishment noted for its 'safety and secrecy!' The paragraph which succeeds that of which the above is the substance announces to the public that, on Sunday next, the Lord Bishop of London will preach at Bow Church Cheapside, on the necessity for a reformation of manners. It must be confessed that the sermon was very much needed; and it is to be deplored that it was not followed by the desired results. The 'wits' were desperadoes who assumed that name, who formed themselves into 'sword clubs,' and who took possession of the town in the dead hours of night, to the peril of life and limb of every human being whom at that season they found crossing their path. The peculiar names under which these clubs maintained continual terror through the town were as fanciful as those more learned but somewhat pugnacious associations which in Tasso's time did the office of reviewers, and were the aversion of authors. The 'Bold Bucks' and the 'Hell Fires' divided the metropolis between them. The latter were content to kill watchmen and simple citizens. Such killing was with them but an act of 'justifiable homicide,' and the inclination for it one of those amiable weaknesses which the young gentlemen of the day looked upon as the most natural thing possible. The 'Bold Bucks,' under their significantly devilish device of 'Blind and Bold Love,' were, however, steeped in deeper infamy than their rivals. The beasts that perish were more decent than they, and their very sisters gazed at them with trembling apprehension. All the 'Bold Bucks' were necessarily atheist. Atheism was one of the indispensable qualifications for admission. Had the Bishop of London preached his sermon, on the necessary reformation of manners, at St. Mary-le-Strand, his Lordship would doubtless have been treated to a running commentary on his discourse; the 'Bold Bucks' being accustomed to assemble every Sunday at a tavern adjacent to that locality, where during divine service they kept a loud band of music continually at work; and after service seated themselves at a banquet, the chief dish whereof was one blasphemously named a 'Holy Ghost Pie!'"

——PERSONAL HABITS OF THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—One of the many biographies of the Duke with which the English papers are filled says of his personal habits, that their Spartan simplicity was maintained to the last, and the only recreation which he permitted himself was an occasional extra hour's rest at Walmer. In his 84th year, he was still the same abstemious, active, self-denying man he had ever been, rising early, never latterly tasting wine or spirits, taking regular exercise on foot and on horseback, sleeping on a hard uncurtained couch, and rejecting even the luxury of a downy pillow. A story is told of a Highland chief, who, finding his son reclining his head on a ball of snow, rebuked the effeminate indulgence by kicking it from under him. The Duke used a pillow, but it was an exceecingly hard one, stuffed with horse-hair, and lined with washleather, and he carried it about with him wherever he went. Up to the last, his daily toilette was performed without the slightest assistance. It took him from half-past six o'clock till nine every morning to dress; but even to the operation of shaving he did all himself.

"The Duke's diet consisted of the very plainest dishes. He had, indeed, a French cook, but had his Grace always lived alone, the office would have been a perfect sinecure. The cook, who no doubt partakes of the enthusiasm of his art, was even chagrined at times at having so little opportunity of displaying his artistic powers. The bill of fare was duly placed before his master, but was nearly always returned with, in addition to a plain joint of meat, some such words as "pudding and tart," occasionally varied by the transposition of the words into "tart and pudding," as if by way of joke at the baffled ingenuity of the gastronomist. Another source of disquiet to the cook was, positively, that the Duke never complained. 'If I cook a good dinner,' the desponding artist would say, "the Duke remarks, 'It is well;' and if I cook a bad dinner he says, 'It is well.'" No complaint ever evinced dissatisfaction, or marked a ruffled temper; and the reason doubtless was, that the dinner and the stomach were as well regulated and attempered as the mind. He wrote a good firm hand; and until within a very few years before his death would not unfrequently indite three or four letters before breakfast. There is another fact of the same character. In his 84th year, and half a century after many of his greatest victories, the Duke could raise to his lips a glass of water, filled to the brim, steadily, and without spilling a drop."

HE injures the good who spares the bad.

THE abuse of the best thing is the worse.